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**FOUR-FOOTED FAVOURITES;**

OR,

*Stories about Pets.*





# FOUR-FOOTED FAVOURITES;

OR,

## STORIES ABOUT PETS.

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" Learn we might, if not too proud to stoop  
To quadruped instructors, many a good  
And useful quality, and virtue too :—  
Attachment never to be weaned or changed ;  
Fidelity that neither bribe nor threat  
Can move or warp ; and gratitude for small  
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,  
And glistening even in the dying eye."

COWPER.

LONDON :

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# FOUR-FOOTED FAVOURITES.

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## Introduction.

A MERRY party of children had assembled at Merton Hall at Christmas. Several families of cousins of all ages had met to enjoy the holidays together in their grandfather's large old-fashioned house. They had hoped for frosty weather and out-door amusements, and what was their disappointment when the day after their arrival was one of these dark, dreary, hopelessly rainy days so common in December. The sky was all of a dull dark grey,—not a break in the clouds to give the least hope of anything but constant rain. The children amused themselves at first with games in the house, and ran up and down stairs and round the old hall till they were weary.

I had established myself in my quiet study to answer a number of letters that had been accumulating for some time in my writing-desk, when the door was softly opened, and my favourite niece, little Rose, came quietly in, leading her pet dog by a ribbon which she had tied round its neck. Dear little Rose knew that

she was always a welcome visitor, she was so quiet and so gentle, and could keep as still as a little mouse when she saw I did not wish to be disturbed. She said she was "tired of play;" and she established herself comfortably in the large arm-chair by my bright fire, while her little pet rested at her feet.

Rose and I, however, were not allowed to remain long undisturbed. The rest of the party, "tired of play," too, and anxious for some quieter kind of amusement, soon came to ask for "a story." I looked in dismay at the letters still unanswered; and the sight of Rose and her pet suggested an expedient for giving occupation to all the children. I proposed that, instead of my telling them one story, each should furnish a story for the amusement of all. I gave them, as a subject, "Stories about Pets," and advised them to go to the library, and try if every one of them could find an amusing story about some pet animal. The stories were then to be written out, rolled up and put into a vase, from which, when all were finished, we might draw one at random and read it aloud. Each was to exert his or her ingenuity in finding the most interesting story, or the most singular pet.

The plan succeeded admirably, and furnished occupation and amusement not only for that dreary day of rain, but for many a day afterwards. The stories were as various as the ages and tastes of the party assembled. In offering the collection for the amusement of other children, we are sure that the variety is so great that there will be something to suit the taste of every one.



## Amy and her Dog Floss.

ONE fine sunshiny March morning, a lady, driving herself in a pony-carriage through some by-lanes in Oxfordshire, stopped beside a steep bank to look at a little girl and her dog in the adjoining field. The hedge had been closely cut, except where a tuft of hazel with its long tassels hung over some broom in full flower, and a straggling bush of the white-blossomed sloe was mixed with some branches of palms, from which the bees were already gathering honey. The little girl was almost as busy as the bees: she was gathering violets, white violets and blue, with which the sunny bank was covered; and her little dog was barking at a flock of sheep feeding in that part of the field, for it was a turnip field that was hurdled off for their use. The dog was a small French spaniel, one of the prettiest ever seen, with long curly hair, snow-white, except that the ears and three or four spots on the body were yellow; large feathered feet, and bright black eyes; just the sort of dog of which fine ladies love to make pets.

It was curious to see this beautiful little creature driving before it a great flock of sheep, ewes, lambs, and all—for sheep are sad cowards! And then, when driven to the hurdles, the sheep, cowards though they were, were forced to turn about, how they would take

courage at sight of their enemy, advancing a step or two and pretending to look brave; then it was diverting to see how the little spaniel, frightened itself, would draw back barking towards its mistress, almost as sad a coward as the sheep. The lady sat watching their proceedings with great amusement, and at last addressed the little girl, a nice child of ten years' old in deep mourning.

"Whose pretty little dog is that, my dear?" asked the lady.

"Mine, madam," was the answer.

"And where did you get it? The breed is not common."

"It belonged to poor mamma. Poor papa brought it from France." And the look and the tone told at once that poor Amy was an orphan.

"And you and the pretty dog— What's its name?" said the lady, interrupting herself.

"Flossy, ma'am—dear Flossy!" And Amy stooped to stroke the curly, silky, glossy coat which had probably gained Flossy his appellation; and Flossy in return jumped on his young mistress, and danced about her with tenfold glee.

"You and Flossy live hereabout?" inquired the lady.

"Close by, ma'am; at Court Farm, with my Uncle and Aunt Clarke."

"And you love Flossy?" resumed the lady;—"you would not like to part with him?"

"Part with Floss!" cried Amy. "Part with my own Flossy!"—and she flung down her violets and

caught her faithful pet in her arms, as if fearful of its being snatched away ; and Floss, as if partaking of the fear, nestled up to his young mistress, and pressed his head against her cheek.

“Do not be alarmed, my dear,” replied the lady, preparing to drive on ; “I am not going to steal your favourite ; but I would give five guineas for a dog like him : and if ever you meet with such a one, you have only to send it to Lumley Castle. I am Lady Lumley,” added she. “Good morning, love ! farewell, Flossy !” And, with a kind nod, the lady and the pony-chaise passed rapidly by ; and Amy and Flossy returned to Court Farm.

Amy was an orphan, and had only lately come to live with her good Uncle and Aunt Clarke, rough honest country people ; and being a shy, meek-spirited child, who had just lost most affectionate parents, and had been used to soft voices and gentle manners, was so frightened at the loud speech of the farmer and the blunt ways of his wife, that she ran away from them as often as she could, and felt as forlorn and desolate as a little girl can do who has early learned the blessed lesson of reliance on the Father of all. Her chief comfort at Court Farm was to pet Flossy and to talk to old Dame Clewer, the charwoman, who had been her own mother’s nurse.

Dame Clewer had known better days ; but having married late in life, and been soon left a widow, she had toiled early and late to bring up an only son ; and all her little earnings had gone to apprentice him to a carpenter and keep him decently clothed : and he,

although rather lively and thoughtless, was a dutiful and grateful son, and, being now just out of his time, had gone to the next town to try to get work, and hoped to repay his good mother all her care and kindness by supporting her out of his earnings. He had told his mother so when setting off the week before, and she had repeated it with tears in her eyes to Amy—tears of joy; and Amy, on her return to the house, went immediately in search of her old friend, whom she knew to be washing there, partly to hear over again the story of Harry Clewer's goodness, partly to tell her own adventure with Lady Lumley.

In the drying-yard, as she expected, Amy found Dame Clewer; not, however, as she had hoped, smiling and busy, and delighted to see Miss Amy, but sitting on the ground by the side of the clothes' basket, her head buried in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. "What could be the matter? Why did she cry so?" said Amy. And Dame Clewer, unable to resist the kind interest evinced by the affectionate child, told briefly the cause of her distress.—"Harry had enlisted!" How few words may convey a great sorrow! "Harry was gone for a soldier!" And the poor mother flung herself at her length on the ground, and gasped and sobbed as though she would never speak again.

"Gone for a soldier!" exclaimed Amy. "Left you! Oh, he never can be so cruel, so wicked! He'll come back, dear nurse!" (for Amy always called Dame Clewer nurse, as her mother had been used to do). "He'll be sure to come back! Harry is such a good son,

with all his wildness. He'll come back—I know he will!”

“He can't!” replied poor nurse, trying to rouse herself from her misery. “He can't come, how much-soever he may wish it: they'll not let him. Nothing can get him off but money, and I have none to give.” And again the mother's tears choked her words. “My poor boy must go!”

“Money!” said Amy, “I have half-a-crown, that godmamma gave me, and two shillings and three sixpences;—I'll go and fetch them in a moment.”

“Blessings on your dear heart!” sobbed Dame Clewer; “your little money would be of no use. The soldier who came to tell me, offered to get him off for five pounds;—but where am I to get five pounds? All my goods and all my clothes would not raise near such a sum; and even if anybody was willing to lend money to a poor old creature like me, how should I ever be able to pay it? No! Harry must go—go to the East Indies, as the soldier said, to be killed by the sword, or to die of the fever!—I shall never see his dear face again!—never!” And turning resolutely from the pitying child, she bent over the clothes in the basket, trying to unfold them with her trembling hands and to hang them out to dry; but, unable in her agony to separate the wet linen, she burst into a passion of tears, and stood leaning against the clothes' line, which quivered and vibrated at every sob, as if sensible of the poor mother's misery.

Amy, on her part, sat on the steps leading to the house, watching her in silent pity. “Oh, if mamma

were alive!" thought the little girl—"or papa! or if I dared ask Aunt Clarke! or if I had but the money of my own! or anything that would fetch the money!" And just as she was thinking this very thought, Floss, wondering to see his little mistress so still and sad, crept up to her and put his paw in her lap and whined. "Dear Floss!" said Amy, unconsciously, and then suddenly remembering what Lady Lumley had said to her, she took the dog up in her arms, and coloured like scarlet from a mingled emotion of pleasure and pain, for Flossy had been her own mamma's dog, and Amy loved him dearly. For full five minutes she sat hugging Flossy and kissing his sleek shining head, whilst the faithful creature licked her cheeks and her hands, and nestled up to her bosom, and strove all he could to prove his gratitude and return her caresses. For full five minutes she sat without speaking; at last she went to Dame Clewer and gave the dog into her arms.

"Lady Lumley offered me five guineas for Flossy this morning," said she; "take him, dear nurse, and take the money: but beg her to be kind to him," continued poor Amy, no longer able to restrain her tears; "beg her to be very kind to my Floss!" And with a heart too full even to listen to the thanks and blessings which the happy mother was showering on her head, the little girl turned away.

But did Lady Lumley buy Flossy? And was Harry Clewer discharged? Yes, Harry was discharged, for Sir Thomas Lumley spoke to his colonel; and he

returned to his home and his fond mother quite cured of his wildness and his fancy for being a soldier. But Lady Lumley did not buy Floss, because, as she said, however much she might like him, she never could bear to deprive so good a girl as Amy of anything that gave her pleasure. She would not buy Floss; but she continued to take great notice both of him and his little mistress; had them often at the Castle, and always made Amy a Christmas present.

## Dapple and his Friend.

DAPPLE was a very contented young ass, and so it well became him to be ; for, although he belonged to James Hobson, a poor man with a large family, he met with much kinder treatment than many of his relations, who are generally half-starved, heavily burdened, and severely beaten into the bargain. On the contrary, Dapple was fed by the elder children, caressed by the younger, and looked upon as an acquisition by all the house. When turned into the green lane at the back of the cottage, he was not a whit less happy and frisky than the squire's young pony, though his motions were certainly a little less graceful ; and when brought to the door of his master's dwelling, he would be equally pleased to stand still and be bridled by a light cord, in order that he might receive a light burden, and trot off with it to a distance with one of the bigger boys running beside him as guide and companion.

To say that he never loitered on the road to pick out a new spring-thorn, or that he sometimes refused to proceed when he was urged to go on, would be wrong, for all asses commit these errors at times ; but, taken altogether, he was well-behaved, because he was well educated ; he had been kindly and constantly taught the only lessons nature rendered him capable of learning ; and the children (who knew him best),



thought him, to use their own phrase, "almost as knowing as a human being."

One morning, the youngest boy had gathered a bundle of nice sweet grass for Dapple, when little Nancy, his sister, observed, "That it must soon be her turn to provide for the pet, as Willy must go to school in a week or two."

"But I don't want to go to school," said Will, sulkily.

"Everybody says going to school will make a man of you."

"That's all nonsense, Nancy. I shall be a man when I am big, and can work, without sitting all day at Dame Barrett's stock-still, with a leather-backed book in my hand, peeping first on one side, and then on t'other to look at the gray geese on the common."

"But you should look in the middle of the book, and so learn the letters, as Joe Jenkins does."

"Oh, to be sure, he's mighty clever; didn't I go with him to the school-door one day, and see how they went on. Joe goes up to the old dame, and begins his lesson, 'B A, B A;' then he stood quite stupid. 'Well,' says she, 'Doesn't that spell *ba*?' so he roared out 'B A, *baa*,' as loud as an old ewe, and she clapped him on the back. But when he got to G O, he cried *baa* again; and she gave him such a box on the ear, it set me off in a minute, and nobody'll catch me there again in a hurry, for Joe now roared like a calf; and I like neither *baa-ing* nor *blethering*."

"But, you know, everybody says larnin' is a fine thing."

"So it is, when you larn like Dapple, to come when you're called, and go where you're wanted ; but school-larnin' is poor work for a lad like me, that can help in a hay-field, or hoe a bit of potato-ground."

"The squire's children all go to school and learn *Latin*, which is harder than anything Dame Barret teaches."

"Very true, Nance ; but then, you know, they are good for nothing else ; that makes all the difference in the world."

A loud laugh from behind the shed where this was passing, put an end to the conversation ; and, in another moment, the squire himself, with two sons and a daughter, made their appearance. Little Nancy ran eagerly into the cottage to call her mother, but William stood bolt upright, with his eyes fixed on Dapple, and his cheeks red with shame ; for, notwithstanding all his fine reasoning to poor Nancy, he felt sure the young quality would set him down for a dunce.

When Betty Hobson came forward, curtseying and stroking down her clean apron, Mr. Townsend thus addressed her :—

"This is a very pretty ass of yours, and I am told that it is tractable and gentle."

"So it is, sir ; the poor creature have been fondled and taught by the children, till it have pretty near as much understanding as they have ; and, for sure, it has no vicious tricks whatsomedever."

"My youngest girl is very sickly, and I wish to purchase it for her to ride upon. I am willing to give a good price for a creature so well taught ; every young

thing, whether upon two legs or four, must be valued according to its education."

Again poor Will's face was covered with blushes, but his sorrow conquered his shame when Nancy exclaimed, "Surely Dapple must not leave *us* !" and the poor animal stooped down to rub his nose against her head, as if understanding her to be in some kind of trouble.

Mr. Townsend, to give time to the family for recovering that which was evidently a trial to their feelings, turned to his sons (whilst patting the sides of Dapple), and observed,—

"The intelligence evinced by this poor animal, which is always considered (probably with injustice) of the very lowest grade as to its capabilities, enables us to conceive the nature of that perfect understanding said to subsist between the Arab of the desert and his high-bred steed, by whom every inflection of his voice is known and obeyed ; and which will follow him, fight with him, and for him, and die at last apparently happy if he can perceive the master to whom it is devoted, is in safety."

The young gentlemen were beginning to reply, by mentioning the travels of various authors in which the qualities of the generous, domesticated Arabian horses, were described, when the appearance of James Hobson and his two elder sons, caused him to return to the business which brought him there—the purchase of the ass.

"It's a thing we are all mighty fond of, your honour."

"That I perceive, and am sorry to give pain to your young ones by taking it away ; but I want it for the use

of one, which, you are aware, I love better than they can love the ass. My Julia is just the age of your own pretty Nancy : you would not like to see those rosy cheeks grow pale—those round arms become thin—those limbs grow weak and incapable of—”

“Say no more, say no more, your honour,” cried Betty ; “Dapple is the thing for your child, and you must have it this blessed day.”

“Ay, sure, without fee or reward, sir ; for many and many’s the kindness you’ve showed to us.”

But a bright sovereign was already in the speaker’s hand, and it was now pressed, with a positive air, into that of James Hobson’s. The children considered this very handsome on the squire’s part : the elder ones knew, also, that Dapple was going to improve much in situation, but the younger could not bear the thoughts of parting ; and Nancy, as the most afflicted, and also the most emboldened, for a kind hand had played with her curly locks, couldn’t help exclaiming,—

“If I should get a yellow shilling like that, will you give me Dapple back : I mean when miss has done with it ?”

“Not for the yellow shilling, Nancy ; but if your brother William is a good boy, and learns to read and write, Dapple shall come back to you, and carry him every morning to the post-office with my letter bag.”

“Not till then ?” said Nancy, in despair.

“Not till *then*, because neither Dapple nor him will be of any use as errand goers till he can read and write also.”

“Then I *will* learn, that I *will*,” cried Will, stoutly ;

but the next moment he clung round Dapple's neck, and cried heartily.

William, the next day, went willingly to school ; and, being a sharp, clever little fellow, soon conquered his first difficulties : after which he became fond of reading, and only anxious that he might spend more time at school than his father could spare him. Meantime, Dapple's easy pace and steady conduct had done wonders for the delicate Julia ; and, when the Christmas came in which William took his writing-piece to the hall, and proved that he could read a chapter and say the multiplication table, there were many sorrowful looks exchanged, for the promise of their papa had been mentioned frequently.

"Put a new bridle on Dapple to-morrow, and take him down to James Hobson's," were the orders given to the groom.

"But we are so fond of him, papa," said several voices ; whilst Julia added, "and he has been so useful to me, I cannot part with him."

"Yes you can, Julia, for I have bought you a pretty pony."

"But why should she, father ?" said the eldest son, "we could surely make the boy a suitable present, and keep Dapple, since the young ones are so fond of the poor creature ?"

"Not so, Henry ; my promise was conditional, and beyond my expectation has poor William fulfilled *his* share of the agreement ; and it would ill become me to shrink from mine, especially when I look on Julia and remember that this very creature was made, in the

hands of a merciful Providence, the means of her restoration. Ask your own hearts, would you part with it for even a large sum of money? How, then, can money make up its loss?"

"Not to *us*, because we are not poor."

"Neither will it to the Hobsons, although they *are* poor, for it was yielded by their pity for Julia's sickness and their gratitude to me; the whole affair bespoke kind and even noble feelings on their parts, which ought to be met, on the side of a *gentleman*, with, at least, a corresponding sense of justice and obligation. The poor have few pleasures; it is, therefore, the more necessary the rich should protect the possession of them: and, when they are not only harmless, but such as exercise the best feelings of our common nature, they should be not only secured but bestowed. Never may I or mine dare to forget or abridge the injunction which saith, 'Never turn thy face away from the poor man,' for it adds, 'and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee.'"

A pause ensued, when Henry, with an air of mingled contrition and inquiry, said, "Dear father, suppose we take the ass ourselves to its former masters?"

"With me once more upon it," said Julia, "that I may show Betty how much good it has done me; and I will take Nancy a new frock."

"And allow me to give the post-bag to William," said John.

This plan met with due encouragement, and in the bustle of preparation, and the pleasure of contriving

suitable gifts, all sorrow was forgotten ; whilst the joy with which the animal was received, fully proved how intensely the feelings of the poor can be exercised, and therefore ought to be appreciated. Dapple behaved on this important occasion as became a well-conducted ass ; but it is certain that, although his new hay was as good as the old, he found a little difference in the comforts of his stable and his shed.

Dame Barrett, to her great satisfaction, saw all the grand doings, and had her share of the good things from the hall ; it was, therefore, no wonder that she was proud as well as happy, and said, “that between her and the writing master, William was made a man for life ;” but the boy shook his head and declared, “that Dapple was the foundation of his learning and his luck.”

## Lucy and Little Trim.

“Oh, mother, dear, it loveth us! and what beside have we?”

MARY HOWITT.

LUCY ANWELL was the eldest child of poor parents. Her father, a labouring man with very indifferent health, had great difficulty in maintaining his family; and there were times when his wife, their daughter Lucy, and two little boys, were reduced to distress. But their children were all well brought up; and when Lucy was only nine years old, she was such a clever, handy girl, that all the neighbours, by turns, employed her to run an errand, or nurse a child; for she was good-tempered and willing, as well as notable.

Now and then she had a penny given to her, though not always, for her employers were poor as well as herself; but on one occasion her services had been such, that she was actually rewarded with a silver sixpence.

Never was an important sum more opportunely given, for the following week was the fair, where all young people spend money, who have it to spend.

“What a happy girl I am,” thought Lucy; “I will buy my mother a ribbon for her Sunday cap; my father shall have a new handkerchief: and my brothers, whistles and ginger-bread, if the money will buy all.”

Alas! how soon do the children of the poor enter on



the cares of life ! Poor Lucy's hopes and intentions soon received a check ; for she found her mother weeping, and learned that, having had the misfortune to take a bad shilling, poor Dame Anwell was at that moment without the bread required for her evening meal. It will be readily believed, that Lucy instantly supplied the loss so far as she was able.

"This is indeed a lucky sixpence," said her mother, "for it comes in the hour of need;" and Lucy's affectionate heart bounded with delight at the moment ; yet, it must be owned, that when the time of the fair came, and she saw all her companions able to spend something, and heard the money jingle in their hands, she felt it hard to be the poorest of the poor, and be neither able to spend nor give. With the fair, however, the recollection vanished ; and when at the end of the month her mother returned her the sixpence, Lucy was willing to keep it for the chance of being remanded for household purposes. After a time, however, the health of her father returned—the pressure of want was removed, and Lucy felt she had a right to spend her own money in the way she liked best.

Returning from an errand one day, she heard a dog howling most piteously, and soon after saw a half-starved puppy struggling to make its way through a hedge, which it could not effect, in consequence of something being tied to its tail. The poor cur looked wistfully at Lucy, who, with prompt humanity, took a knife from her pocket, cut the string, and set the dog at liberty. Just as she had done so, two boys came up, hooping and hallooing ; and one of them seizing hold

of the creature, which he claimed as his own, proposed to repeat the cruelty by again seizing the string.

"I will give you sixpence for him!" cried Lucy, in all the agitation of pity.

"You shall have him for a shilling!" said the boy.

"But I have no more in the world," replied Lucy, sorrowfully.

The young tyrants took Lucy's sixpence, intending to regain the poor dog by and by; for the present, the wretched animal gladly followed her, and endeavoured, by every medium in his power, to express his gratitude; and although she felt some uneasiness lest her purchase should prove an unwelcome guest, yet, since she expressed herself willing to part with him whenever her father could procure him a good place, his presence was permitted cheerfully by both her parents. The boys were, of course, delighted with him.

One day, Dame Anwell sent the two little boys to the village with a basket to fetch numerous articles, with many strong injunctions to be steady. Little Trim, of course, accompanied them; and it would be difficult to say which of the three was the most happy and frolicsome as they went. In returning they were all steadier, for the basket was heavy. Unfortunately it became a subject of dispute; much time was lost in adjusting differences; and on the mother's examination, to her great distress, the tea, which was the most expensive article in the order, was nowhere to be found. Just, however, as she was beginning alike to scold and lament the loss, Trim came running in with the lost package in his mouth.

"The sensible creature!" cried the mother; "I am sure he ought to be an example to such careless boys;" and it was certain both George and William became more trustworthy after this incident; and since her father was also fond of the dog, Lucy seemed likely to retain the only pet she had ever possessed.

Trim was a creature that could bear indulgence; the more he was caressed the more intelligent and faithful he became,—retaining also a marked preference for the little girl who had released him, and who was his especial mistress.

One day, when Lucy had been carrying her father his dinner, she was overtaken by a terrible storm in a place where she could see no possible shelter. "What shall we do, Trim?" said the poor child, apostrophizing her four-footed friend. As if in reply, the dog bounded before her and soon conducted her to a snug hollow in a bank, into which they both crept till the storm was over, when they had the satisfaction of going home perfectly dry and comfortable, to the astonishment of Dame Anwell, who was anxiously looking out for Lucy, and eagerly inquired "where she had been during the storm?"

It will be readily believed that Lucy extolled the conduct of Trim on this occasion as little short of a miracle, and continued her eulogies until she perceived that a lady and her little daughter were seated in the cottage, whither they had been driven by the rain, and had heard all she had been saying.

"Oh, what a pretty dog, mamma!" cried the latter; "do look, mamma, at the little dog!"

The boys, proud of having their favourite admired, showed off all the tricks Trim was capable of; but as the weather had cleared up, the lady now, after thanking Mrs. Anwell for shelter, hastened away; but her little girl cast many a longing, lingering look towards the dog and his dwelling.

Poor children have their wishings and likings as well as rich ones; but they are generally only temporary. Differently situated, and differently brought up, Jemima Freelove seldom formed a wish that was not attended to. In consequence, the Anwells were next day surprised by a visit from Mrs. Freelove, to say, "that she wished to purchase the dog for her daughter."

Mrs. Anwell, who had become attached to poor Trim, observed, "that her children were so fond of the poor thing, that really she did not know what to say."

Mrs. Freelove thought that a *poor* woman ought to have said immediately the dog should be hers; and with some degree of anger she returned home immediately and addressed her husband on the subject.

"What is to be done? Jemima will have this little dog, and the people seem unwilling to part with it, because the children, forsooth, are fond of it."

"I think, my dear, we are the last who should blame people for indulging their children."

"I am sure I never spoil mine, but I cannot bear to see her fret—look how pale she looks; my dear! I hope this Dame Anwell will consider and let us have the dog."

Mr. Freelove heard so much of this trouble all that day and the next, that toward evening he took a walk

to Anwell's cottage, and arrived just at the time when the children were wondering "how his daughter, who had so many fine things to please her, could wish for their dog;" and when the father, whose situation in life had been greatly altered, was observing, "that poverty was indeed hard to bear when it subjected a man to tyranny, and such he considered the demand for his dog."

The good dame felt afraid that in his present mood her husband would lose both his temper and his dog. She was much relieved when Mr. Freelove began to ask his opinion on some matters connected with agriculture, for she well knew that her Thomas would answer him properly; indeed, so well did he carry on the conversation that Mr. Freelove forgot what he came about, and had left the house, but on recollecting it, he turned back, and spoke about his child's desire in a very apologizing tone.

"She is all we have—her health is delicate, and I need not tell you, that a little daughter is very, very dear to a parent."

Thomas Anwell looked at Lucy, and observed, "that was very true;" and Lucy looked at her father, and said—"I am sure Trim would have a good place."

Consent instantly followed, and Mr. Freelove put some money into Anwell's hand, saying, "it was not to pay for the dog, for which he held himself obliged to him, but in order that something might be purchased for the children to repay their loss;" yet although all had a sense of the handsome manner in which Mr. Freelove acted, the boys lamented aloud the removal of

the pet; poor Lucy, who felt the most, said little, though the tear would drop when she assisted in decoying her darling to his new and splendid home.

As Jemima was induced to take more exercise with her new favourite than she ever did before, her health improved, and this being imputed to the dog, imparted a sense of obligation in Mrs. Freelove towards both him and his friends, and she showed many little attentions to the Anwells; and when after a time Mr. Freelove told her, "he had a desire to engage Thomas Anwell as his own bailiff, which would greatly improve his situation in life," she expressed much pleasure, and said, "she would walk with him to the cottage, and carry the good news to him and his wife."

Jemima went with them, but took care that Trim should be shut up, for she well knew if he got near Lucy he would be unwilling to leave her. As they approached the cottage they saw the boys playing at the threshold, but, on seeing them, both ran in, and immediately shut the door.

"How very rude those children are," said the lady; "I am sure their sister would not have done so."

Mr. Freelove soon ascertained that Lucy and her parents were from home, and on opening the door, he saw that the boys were exceedingly busy in trying to place a tub over something which they wanted to conceal.

"What are you about, my boys?" said he; "tell the truth."

The children were unaccustomed to any kind of deceit, but yet they felt afraid of telling all the truth at this

time, aware that it might defeat their purpose, and looked wistfully at each other, and at the object they had been removing.

“What have you got under the tub?” said the gentleman, advancing towards it.

In great alarm the elder now said—

“Why, you see, sir—you see, ma’am, we were told to be good boys and do no mischief while father and mother went out, and to take care of the things; so when we saw you coming we thought it right to shut the door, and to—”

“And to do what?” insisted Mr. Freelove.

“To take care of sister Lucy’s bird,” cried the youngest.

“So you turned the tub over it, did you?”

“Yes, sir; ’cause we thought as how if the little lady didn’t see it she wouldn’t take a fancy to it, and so then poor Lucy wouldn’t lose it as she did her own dog.”

Great was the shock Mrs. Freelove received on thus learning that her idolized darling was an object of fear and distrust to her humble neighbour, and firmly did she resolve to alter a system which had produced such an effect. For the present her intention was suspended by the arrival of the Anwells, who heard with joyful gratitude of Mr. Freelove’s kind provision for them, which the happy father entered on the more joyfully, because he knew his own power of being truly valuable to the gentleman who trusted him.

When they had departed, Dame Anwell clasped her beloved daughter to her bosom, and kissing her, said,—  
“Every thing had been in fact given by the good child

whose ready compliance with the wishes of another, for the sake of her parents, had brought a blessing on them."

This blessing extended in due time from the cottage to the hall, for Lucy could hang her bird at the window, or receive the caresses of Trim, if Miss Freelove looked in, without exciting either her envy or her anger. By degrees the daughter of amiable parents became herself amiable, and fully capable of estimating the virtues and imitating the conduct of Lucy Anwell.



## The Cat's Plea.

HAVING perused, with much interest and pleasure, anecdotes of the sagacity of dogs, birds, &c., in some of the juvenile annuals, it occurred to me, that the sagacity and intelligence of cats had never been properly appreciated; and I feel the more inclined to give such instances of puss's qualities as have come under my own observation, in order, as much as possible, to justify the character of that too often persecuted animal.

We all know the saying of "Give a dog an ill name and hang him:" now, in my opinion, this more especially applies to poor Grimalkin. Cats are called selfish, thievish, treacherous, &c. without any consideration for the causes that, nine times out of ten, give rise to their bad qualities. Any animal that is half starved will take food wherever it is to be found; and being teased and ill-treated, will spoil the temper of any creature and render it savage.

My present purpose, however, is not to digress on the barbarity which is practised on these unfortunate animals, for of that, all who are possessed of the common feelings of humanity are well aware; but merely to bring as much favour and interest towards poor puss as I think she deserves.

The first instance of peculiar intelligence that I ever remarked, was in the manner in which a cat, that lived

with us for several years, was first established in our family. Soon after removing to our present neighbourhood, we observed, at different times, a large black and white cat, creeping stealthily along the walls of the garden. From the frightened looks and lank sides of the creature, it was evident that it had no home. Indeed, out of all the inhabitants of the place, there was but one individual who showed any degree of compassion for the unfortunate cat; and, as it too frequently happens, that where the will is good the power is wanting, so it proved in this instance. Mrs. Robinson would willingly have taken the poor animal into the house, but she had got a pet cat of her own, who had no mind that a stranger should share with her the favour of her mistress: and the old lady, therefore, made application to us in behalf of the poor wanderer, and we accordingly agreed to take her in.

The business, however, was not easily managed. Poor puss had encountered so many buffets in the world, that she had become very suspicious; and our intended kindness was regarded by her as nothing better than a snare. The fact was, for a considerable time, the animal had been picking up a living as she could, which, it must be acknowledged, was not always in an honest way. All the servants in the neighbourhood were kept upon the alert, with regard to their pantries; but, to own the truth, their vigilance was seldom a match for the cat's. Necessity is said to be the parent of invention; and, indeed, it had sharpened her wits in a wonderful manner: certainly, had the good folks of our terrace been superstitiously inclined,

something more than cat cunning would have been attributed to her. Locks and fastenings were declared useless, and a *safe* was no security; for many a time was some delicate morsel extracted, nobody could tell how, nor by whom; but, of course, all such depredations were laid to the charge of the strange cat, who, it may well be supposed, was rather obnoxious in the place.

The creature, however, seemed to hold a charmed life; for, notwithstanding the numberless enemies that had vowed her doom, puss contrived more dexterously to escape from her foes and still to wander at liberty.

It was, however, a life of peril; and the many rebuffs she met with made her look upon every one with terror, our friend Mrs. Robinson alone excepted.

Seeing how matters stood, we considered the best means of enticing the poor cat would be to set food in her way, and that, finding we had no hostile intentions towards her, in time she might be encouraged to seek our better acquaintance. No such thing, however: the milk and meat, which we placed for her, were regularly dispatched; but, at the sight of any of the family, or the sound of our footsteps, the animal would dart off at her utmost speed.

At last, the good old lady who had so long defended the cat, tired with the slow mode of proceeding, took the trouble to bring her to our house herself.

The creature at first seemed frightened, and looked, from time to time, imploringly at Mrs. Robinson; but, after a while, finding that no one attempted to hurt or molest her, she became tranquil, and so perfectly at her

case as to lap milk, wash her face, and then, to our infinite wonder, rest her fore-paws on the fender, as if to thoroughly enjoy the comfort of a fire, a luxury poor puss had long been unaccustomed to.

Some time after Mrs. Robinson had left, the cat contrived to make her escape, and we concluded we should see no more of the creature, unless our friend would again be at the pains of bringing her. To our surprise, however, in about an hour after, there sat puss outside the kitchen window; and, instead of flying off at our approach, when we opened it, the animal entered it as orderly as if she had always been used to do so. Having once ascertained that we meant her no harm, she returned fearlessly to the house, which, from that hour, she gladly made her home. So quick a transition from terror and suspicion to the most perfect confidence, I cannot help considering a remarkable proof of feline intelligence and sagacity.

The circumstance I shall next relate, is an instance of that extraordinary instinct which we often observe leads animals to discover and perseveringly make their way to those who are humane and kindly disposed towards them.

A friend of mine, residing in town, hearing one evening an unusual bustle below stairs, found, upon inquiry, that it arose from a strange cat having entered the house; a circumstance which, however trifling it may appear, is always the cause of great commotion—as in the present instance; for it happened that the house already contained two cats, each of which had got a kitten. As it is well known what spirit Grimalkin

displays when she has a young one, it may readily be supposed that both the tabby mothers were up in arms at sight of the intruder, who, with no less noise than confusion, was soon expelled the house, in which tranquillity was once more restored. But, singular as it may seem, on the following evening the strange cat again made his appearance: and this time it occasioned more consternation than at first; for one of the servants, aiming a blow at the daring stranger, knocked a dish off the dresser. Jenny Cook's rage at this disaster would have fallen with tenfold vengeance on the unlucky occasion of it, had not the animal made a speedy exit.

Poor puss was now between Scylla and Charybdis, and, in escaping from the ire of the angry Jenny, he encountered one of the tabby mammas, who had been awakened from her comfortable dose by the unusual clatter. She, like the cook, seemed to feel a double share of anger at this second attempt: and teeth and claws fell upon the delinquent, who was again obliged to beat a retreat.

Now, considering that Jack, for so he was afterwards called, was one of the largest cats I ever saw, his suffering himself to be beat out of the field by a cat not half his size may appear like cowardice. I cannot, however, allow such an inference to be drawn. In my opinion, Jack combined all the perfections of all the tabby kind: so I rather attribute his forbearance to a generosity of disposition. He was too courteous a cat to retaliate on one of the gentler sex, and in her own house too.

"Well done, puss, you have combed him finely," cried Jenny, "though I could not catch the rogue, I have paid him off—only to think of a nasty strange cat coming in and smashing this beautiful dish."

"Nay, Jenny," said Mary, who, though equally inimical to the intruder, had something like justice in her; "you must allow that you did that job yourself."

"Well, it's all the same thing," replied Jenny; "however, one comfort is, I think we shan't be troubled with the gentleman's company in a hurry—I'll warrant he won't venture here any more."

This was, indeed, a reasonable conclusion, but it proved a fallacious one; a third time the bold adventurer was discovered making his way into the house, and a third time he was expelled. It mattered not: the more difficulties arose in his way, the more determined was the magnanimous grimalkin to overcome them; once more, then, he made good his entrance, and, as it seemed, resolved to withstand all opposition; although the maids, with sticks and brooms—the cats, with their claws—and even the kittens, taking up the cause, set up their backs, spit and hissed with all their might, to intimidate the bold intruder. Extreme violence sometimes defeats its own purpose. Jenny's blows seemed fated to fall in the wrong place; instead of hitting the strange cat, she struck her fellow-servant, who, in no very gentle terms, reproached her for her awkwardness.

In the midst of this general contention and confusion, instead of retreating as before, puss darted onwards—

up the stairs—and never stinted or stayed, till he found himself in the presence of his mistress.

As one of the knights-errant of old who, after braving the most terrific dangers, fighting his way through dragons and serpents, at length reaches the apartment of an enchanted princess, and the scene of horror is changed into one of magnificence and delight, in like manner poor Jack found his troubles at an end when, in mute eloquence, he pleaded his cause with the lady. The story was soon told; though, as stories generally are, it was told two different ways, as Jenny, who followed the intruder to demand of her mistress what measures should be taken for the purpose of expelling an animal, the daringness of which, she declared, had never been equalled by any of the cat kind; the audacious brute having, for so many successive nights, made violent entrance into the house, notwithstanding all her efforts to prevent it.

But, while Jenny was laying her indictment against poor puss, the creature's panting sides, and piteous cries, told that it had suffered, and now implored protection. The appeal was not in vain; my friend had no pet of her own, for the cats before mentioned belonged to the house of which she occupied only a part.

She viewed the matter in a light different from that in which her servants had viewed it; the animal's perseverance was rewarded, and never had his mistress occasion to regret the kindness she had shown him. Indeed, the creature displayed a gentleness and intelligence of disposition such as I never saw in one of

his species, to which he united the qualifications of being one of the best mousers that ever wore a tabby coat.

The circumstance I am now about to record, is of a very different kind, which I would scarcely have believed if I had not witnessed the fact; as it displays a degree of envy and jealousy more, I am sorry to say, belonging to the human species than to the animal kind. However, to begin my story like a story:—

It happened on a time, that two black cats were living next door to each other, between whom a remarkable friendship for a long period subsisted. The author of “Gaffer Gray” says,

“The poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor moan,  
From his morsel a morsel will give.”

And this sentiment appeared truly exemplified in the case of the two cats, neither of whom was in a prosperous condition; although Black Tom, as we must call him, by way of distinction, had greatly the advantage of his neighbour, Black Dick. The fact was, the former might have had a comfortable home; but, as some bad habits made him an unfit inmate for the house, his owner thought proper to feed and lodge him out of it; accordingly, Tom had his meals in the garden, and his bed in an out-house. Poor puss, at the next door, was by no means so well off. While a kitten, he had been a plaything for the children of the family to whom he belonged; but, when his kittenish days were over, he was turned completely adrift, and found neither



food nor shelter, and it was now that the singular friendship, as it appeared, arose between the two cats. And so much kindness and compassion did Tom show, as to willingly suffer his hungry neighbour to enjoy a regular share of his meal, and most amicably did the two blackeys sleep together in the same snuggerly every night.

Indeed, the general temper of Tom was displayed upon various occasions; for Dick, who was young and more frolicksome, would often tear, cuff, and make unwarrantably free with his more grave companion, all which was endured by the other with the utmost good nature.

Well, matters went on this way for a considerable time, till the forlorn state of Black Dick gained him an interest with a family in the neighbourhood, who, from bestowing an occasional morsel upon him, at last took him into their house, where he soon became a favourite; and, as his new home was at no great distance, he was still in the vicinity of his old friend; but, alas! I am sorry to say, that now a strange alteration took place in the sentiments of Black Tom; for, whether the young cat gave himself any foolish airs of superiority since his improved condition, or that, from being an object of pity, now that he was grown sleek and handsome, he had become an object of envy, cannot be ascertained; but, whatever might be the cause, the effect was not only a breach of friendship, but a breach of the peace; and never from this period did the two cats meet, but a battle ensued, in which Black Tom was always the aggressor.

I shall conclude my anecdote of feline intelligence with an instance of, perhaps, no uncommon kind, but one of the most pleasing characteristics of the cat's dispositions, that of its maternal tenderness, which, in some instances, resembles the love and forethought of the human species more than mere animal instinct. The subject, or subjects of these remarks, are my own cat and kitten, old Tibby and young Frisk.

Now, as a faithful historian, I am resolved not to let my partiality get the better of my veracity; nor, because these animals belong to me, to make them out nonpareils; truth, therefore, obliges me to declare, that old Tibb was naturally of so fierce and untameable a temper, that very few people would have tolerated her; though, in other respects, as a mouser and rat-catcher, her character was unimpeachable. She was, moreover, in her younger days, extremely handsome, and everybody admired her—at a distance—for she allowed of no familiarity.

Old Tibby, however, has maintained her station in our family for many years; and has, during that period, been the mother of a numerous progeny; but, as the creature's nature resembled that of a wild cat, we had resolved to have no more of the family; besides which, she displayed so much irritability of temper, that we thought she would make but a very indifferent nurse.

Notwithstanding these resolutions, however, when Tibby, in her old age, became the mother of a very beautiful kitten, we could not resist trying the experiment of how she would bring it up; and never, to be sure, did there appear a greater change than from the

wild and fierce nature of the creature, to love and gentleness. In short, there could not be a more fond or devoted mother. It was really delightful to see her nestle with her young one, looking as if she thought she possessed all the treasures of the world; or purring or dozing, as if, even in sleep, the animal could not forget her happiness.

But, notwithstanding that old Tibby's temper was considerably improved, still it was only in her maternal character that she displayed perfect amiability. Away from her kitten, she occasionally exhibited much of her former mood; we therefore concluded, that when the young one had passed the age of infancy, and began to practise the customary pranks of kittens, the old one's irritability would induce her to inflict severe discipline upon it: no such thing, however. In all that regards her offspring, Tibby is a pattern of gentleness and patience. Often, when surprised by a sudden attack from the young one, she will turn fiercely round to resent it; but, no sooner does she perceive from what quarter the onset comes, than her anger is turned to tenderness; and a fond caress is the only return.

Young Frisk is very pretty, very affectionate, and intelligent; nevertheless, she evinces a spirit that is somewhat akin to her mother. From children to kittens the ceremony of beating is an operation always disliked and dreaded; and, whoever sees the determined opposition which young puss sets up in this matter, must admire the patience and perseverance of the old one.

Little Frisk most rebelliously and undutifully fights, kicks, and cuffs her poor mother, who in return only

opposes gentle firmness to her offspring's petulance, but never gives up the point. It is admirable, also, to observe Tibby's self-denial while instructing young Frisk in her future occupation; she will catch a mouse or bird, and lay it before her young one, then retire to a distance and watch its motions with the most earnest attention, and though, as may be supposed, longing for the titbit herself, never offering to touch it till the kitten has gamboled with it as long as it pleases, and goes to seek some fresh amusement; for, at present, this sort of game is mere game to little Frisk, whose whole existence is frolic, and whose untiring and unbroken spirits seem to require neither rest nor respite. The cunning little animal is evidently as aware that its tricks will be treated with indulgence, as any petted child can be. If you offer to correct it for any slight mischief, the young rebel will set up its back, and give such a look of merry defiance, as at once to disarm your anger; so that we can only treat it with the same indulgence that its mother does, who, when it darts up the highest trees in the garden, where she has neither spirit nor agility to follow, will at first appear troubled with its wild daring, then look as if entreating it to come down and seek some safer pastime, while Frisk is flying recklessly from one branch to another, and peeping, from time to time, at its graver parent, as if entreating her to join in its sport. Meantime old Tibby,—doubtless wondering that the silly thing can find so much pleasure in its perilous leaps,—winks and blinks, and at length composes herself to sleep; probably hoping, that the merry elf will, in time, have

sown its wild oats, and become a sober and respectable member of the tabby tribe. We must, also, hope the same; though, in truth, notwithstanding its mischievous pranks, it is almost as cheering as a beam of sunshine to see a creature so full of life and glee, that every moment of its existence seems perfect enjoyment; and,—

“ Were her antics played in the eye  
Of a thousand standers by,  
Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
What would little Tabby care  
For the plaudits of the crowd?  
Over happy to be proud,  
Over wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasure.”

WORDSWORTH.

## The Guardian.

My handsome one, my faithful one, my guardian tried  
and true,

Bold watcher through the stormy night,—to thee my  
thanks are due.

I love thee for thine active worth, thy spirit frank and  
free—

Thy gay, good-humoured, honest bark's a welcome sound  
to me.

I love thee for thy dauntless mood, thy truth which  
scorns a bribe,

And for thy sake, my beautiful, I'll e'en love all thy  
tribe:—

The shepherd-dog that guards his flock by lonely moor  
and vale,

And cur that keeps the cattle close, and shrinks not  
from the gale ;

The mastiff, whose terrific bark full well the robber  
knows,

And trembling lurks beneath the hedge, or where the  
wild-wood grows.

The greyhound, graceful as the pard, and as the arrow  
fleet,

And bounding as the young chamois, where rocks and  
torrents meet ;



*The Dog and the Cherub*





The terrier, hardy, fierce, and keen, whom fox and  
badger fear ;

The beagle with his cheerful voice, like music on the  
ear ;

The harrier—fox-hound, tall and light, and eager for  
the morn,

Which calls the chase o'er mead and moor, and wakes  
the hunter's horn !

The sleuth-hound, gaunt and terrible, stern punisher of  
crimes,

The foremost on the outlaw's track, in dark and bar-  
barous times ;

Ah ! not alone the felon's heart hath shuddered at his  
cry,

But kings have heard his savage yell, and knew they  
were to die !

The setter famed for scent, and speed, and sight, to  
point the game,

When falls the fleet and glittering bird beneath the  
sportsman's aim :

The spaniel, large and rough, who loves the river's  
sedgy breast,

Where water-fowl and wild ducks build their solitary  
nest ;

The Alpine dog, that daily roams the wilderness of  
snow,

To aid the sinking traveller, and cheer him 'midst his  
woe ;

To guide him to the convent, while the generous monks  
procure

Refreshment for the wanderer, the desolate, and poor ;

The springer, whose sagacity the snipe and woodcock  
dread,

And hide themselves, in heath, and fen, and marshes,  
overhead ;

The Greenland dog, through hail and sleet that skins  
the sledge along,

In sunless climes, where Winter howls his wild tem-  
pestuous song !

All, *all* I'll love, for thy dear sake, and praise the  
Hand that gave

So trusty, fond, and firm a friend the shepherd's flock  
to save ;

So vigilant a watch by night, so safe and sure a friend,  
Still foremost at his master's side, and faithful to the  
end !

Oh, many a heart from him may learn fidelity and zeal,  
And diligence to seek and serve, whatever wrongs they  
feel ;

And gratitude, which ne'er forgets one act of kindness  
past,

And courage insurmountable, and constant to the last.

## Rober Seeking his Fortune.

BEFORE the fire of an old-fashioned kitchen, in which nothing was heard but the drowsy ticking of an ancient, yellow-faced clock, and the merry songs of a dozen crickets, sat, wide awake, and exceedingly restless, a fine, large, shaggy dog, although it was midnight. One would have wondered what could ail him; for he sat erect, fixing his eyes on the glimmering flame with a most woe-begone look; and, every now and then giving a low whine, he rose and walked to and fro uneasily, and then came back to the same spot on the hearth, and fixed his gaze on the fire as before. But, if we could have known his thoughts, we should have ceased to wonder. They were running through his head much after this manner: "A good master have I lost, and a bad mistress have I got. Who could have thought it! A thousand times did she use to say that she loved me for my master's sake. A thousand times has she patted my head, and given me new milk to my breakfast; and when my good old master smiled, and said, 'Love me, love my dog,' she has replied, 'That is a good proverb, let who would first hit on it.' But my master is dead; and this same loving woman has coaxed him to leave her all he had, and now—I could bite her by the leg for vexation—what do I get but kicks and blows? And if I ever receive a bone, it is

flung at my head with these consoling words—‘Out, idle good-for-nothing, as thou art! Were it not for thy poor master’s sake, I would knock out thy silly brains with the broom.’ It signifies not; I can bear it no longer; every bit of her food that I eat seems as though it would choke me. It is better to be dead than to be where one is not wanted; so I have made up my mind—I will out and seek my fortune.”

Having made this resolution, honest Rover lay suddenly down with a great sigh, which seemed to send all his trouble out of his heart, and slept like a top till morning. The moment the door was opened, he hurried briskly out and was off. For a moment he bounded on lightly, as if escaped from a prison; but when he turned to give a last look at the house where his dear master had lived, and where he had lived so happily, his tail dropped, he hung his head, sadness oppressed his heart, and he felt like a criminal and a runaway. But, at the very first recollection of what he had lately suffered, he pricked up his tail and his ears, marched on with a proud step, and thought to himself, “Come what will, there can’t be a worse place in the world than this is now.”

Alas! poor rogue, he was terribly mistaken. The next minute he saw a boy who was driving his hoop along the street towards him, and shouted as he came, “Out of the way, you scoundrel dog, will you stop the hoop?” The hoop seemed far enough out of his way; but, as if in utter perversity, it suddenly wheeled aside, ran against him, and fell. “Take that for your pains, you stupid cur,” cried the lad, at the same instant strik-

ing him with all his might on the head with his truncheon. Rover gave a short howl of pain and astonishment, and sprang forward in affright. "A wicked lad is that," he thought to himself, "and he will, doubtless, come to a bad end. There can't be another such in the world." The fact was, Rover had only seen the world as those in prosperity see it—he had only gone out before with his master; he was now to look a little on the dark side; and in less than five minutes, he saw a cloud of dust fill the street before him, and immediately after discerned that it arose from a flock of sheep, which wedged the way completely up, and came panting, in their heavy hot fleeces, with a dog barking, and a man clamouring behind them. Alas, poor Rover! he had chosen the most unlucky day in the week for his departure,—it was market morning; and he might have known, had he known anything of the world, that the road for miles would be full of all sorts of people and impediments.

Whilst he stood looking on this side and on that side, to discover some possibility of passing, a great sheep suddenly sprang out of the flock, butted him down, and leaping, with a great bound, over him, was followed by the rest, till they fairly ran over him in a mass, and left him struggling, dirty, and half bruised to death, on the ground. "A wiseacre of a dog, it must needs be," said the man, with a great grin, while Rover with difficulty rose, shook himself, and trotted on. But his troubles came thickly upon him: a coach, with smoking horses, clustered with passengers, like bees, and top-heavy with packages, was coming thundering along the street. Crack went the coachman's whip, and Rover,

feeling a cut across his back, as if he had been stung through and through, howled out in agony, and was answered by the laughter of the whole crew of passengers. In terror, astonishment, and cruel sorrow of heart, he flew forward. The world seemed to him to have become all at once perfectly fiendish, and he was half inclined to retrace his steps, and his mistress began to assume in his fancy the nature of an angel; but pride got the mastery of him, and he went on,—I am sorry to say, however, with no better prospects. Wherever he came, the dogs, who in his master's days came wagging their tails, and begging the honour of his acquaintance, now rushed barking from all quarters upon him, and it was only by the merit of his heels that he escaped being torn to pieces. Our father Adam could not be more astonished at the sudden ferocity which came upon the beasts at the fall than Rover was at that of his fellow-dogs. He did not know that dogs, like some superior animals, have an instantaneous perception of misfortune, and are the most ungracious things in the world to the weak and defenceless. When he glanced forward too, the whole way was full of men, women, cattle, and carts. It was of no use to attempt to keep the highway; he therefore slipped through a hedge into a field. Here a flock of sheep, quietly grazing, no sooner saw him, than they scampered away, shaking their heavy fleeces, and collected in a distant part of the field, in the utmost alarm. "A dog is worrying my sheep, I declare," exclaimed the farmer, who happened to be looking out of the window; and taking down his gun, he sallied forth to shoot him. Fortunately, he had lived so long

on the fat of the land that he was neither the lightest nor the fleetest man in the parish, so that, by the time he had crossed the field, Rover had cleared three. Nevertheless, Rover, finding hedges and ditches very troublesome, again ventured into the main road, and rejoiced to discover that it was now nearly clear of passengers; he therefore travelled along pretty tolerably, taking the precaution, whenever he saw any one approaching, to pop through the hedge into the field.

A long way he must have gone that day; and, towards evening, he began to feel tired, foot-sore, and dejected. In this condition, he espied a house—a very, very little house it was; and, as with a beating heart he ventured near it, he saw nobody but a poor old woman—a very, very poor old woman she seemed, for her house was not more than two yards square. It had neither chamber nor cellar, nor any room besides; and her bed, and everything she had in the world, was in it. As she saw the poor, forlorn dog approach with a woeful face, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and his eye asking relief, “Ah! poor, dumb creature!” she said, “the world goes as badly with thee as with me; I must even take pity on thee.” So she set him a basin of butter-milk before the door, and stood with her stick to keep back her great black cat, which, with a tail like that of a fox, and eyes flaming with green fire, stood in the window, growling and threatening every moment to fly upon him. “There!” said the dame, the instant he had lapped up the butter-milk, “begone with thee, ’tis all I can do for thee, and thou frightenest Madge out of

her seven senses; off with thee, I say!" He gave a grateful wag of his tail and trudged on.

It was now evening, and he would fain have begged a night's lodging of the old woman, if the cat would have agreed to it; but, as he saw she would not, he turned off towards a distant wood, where he found a hollow tree, and creeping into the leaves which had drifted there, in spite of all his troubles, and in spite of all his recollections of his usual snug lodgings on the kitchen-hearth with the sound of the old, yellow-faced clock, and the songs of the crickets, in his ear, he soon fell asleep. What was his surprise, on waking, to see another dog strutting and wagging his tail at the entrance of the hole. It was still night—a fine, moon-shiny night; and, as the dog seemed to be friendly, he got up, and smiling, and wagging his tail, approached him. "Was the like ever seen?" said a voice close by; "if he is not the very picture of our Snap!" He looked round, and saw two men, who glanced at him, and then looked suspiciously about them, as if fearful of surprise. They were poachers. Seeing that Rover was willing to follow them, they went home, talking as they went, how exactly the dog was like their own, and adding, that if he were only half as good, he was worth his weight in gold.

A lawless life truly our Rover had now fallen into; and, to his shame be it said, he liked it. All day he was confined, with his companion, under the stairs of the cottage of one of the poachers, but every night it was the grandest sport to range through woods, heaths, and fields, driving the game into his master's nets. But one



day he heard a strange bustle in the house, a strange face looked under the stairs, and, being called out, he came, and saw his master in the custody of several as rough-looking fellows as himself. To mend the matter, he heard them talk of hanging the dogs; so, watching his opportunity, he slipped out of the house, and made the best of his way. Often enough, you may be sure, he looked behind him to see if he were pursued; but, finding that was not the case, he slackened his trot, and in a while came to a large green, where a good many boys were playing. "See, what a handsome dog!" cried one. "Let's catch him," said another: and, in an instant, they all surrounded him, stretching out their arms to form a sort of chain, and speaking coaxingly to him. Then one boy sprang forward, and seized him, on which they tied a handkerchief round his neck, and led him away in triumph.

"Boys!" said a short, stiff, fat-faced, consequential little man, in a grave, formal tone, as he stepped over a stile—the schoolmaster in fact—"boys! what have you got there?"

"A dog, sir," said they all at once, looking sadly cast down.

"A dog! and pray how did you come by him?"

"We found him, sir!"

"Found him! oh! found him before he was lost, no doubt. Pray what traveller, what esquire, what clergyman, what magistrate, or, in short, what gentleman, have you deprived of his faithful, four-footed friend and companion—for it is evidently the dog of a gentleman—and thereby brought yourselves into jeopardy of a

jail, and me into danger of loss of my character for instilling good principles into my scholars? Take him to your mistress, and bid her tie him up till I come."

With silent steps and woeful countenances, they obeyed.

"And what are you bringing now?" said the dame, as they came to the door.

"Our master desires you to tie up this dog till he comes."

"Out upon ye! out upon ye! A dog! a dog! Haven't I enough dirt made by you, without a dog to run in and out on rainy days, and snatch the children's bread and butter out of their hands to boot?"

"Dame," said the voice of the Dominie himself, "tie up the dog, I say!" and she tied him up.

The next day, Rover was to be seen tied by a red quill string to the board which was put across the doorway to keep the little children from running out of school, that he might get a little air and sunshine; and he had not been there long when the voice of Farmer Hodgson was heard hallooing out—"Hazledine! Hazledine! I say, what dog have you got there?"

And the Dominie, putting out his head, answered—"A strange dog that hath lost his way, and chosen to stop with us."

"Chosen to stop with you, do you say, eh? Very good, and so you tether him to the door-board. But, as to that, never mind—what will you take for him? It is just the thing I want."

"Well, Master Hodgson, I would fain—"

"Come, no nonsense," said the farmer, "here is

the money; give me the string, and there's an end of it."

The Dominie put the end of the cord into the farmer's hand, and the five shillings into his own pocket; and, turning into the school, instead of giving the boys the money, he cried, "Silence! Silence!" and calling up three or four of them, gave each four strokes on the hand with a ferula, for making a noise when his back was turned. A strange sense of injustice was struggling in the little fellows' hearts; but it was Hazledine's way of instilling good principles; so they were obliged to shed a few tears in silence, and submit.

To use a common expression, our dog now "lived in clover." His dwelling was a good substantial farmhouse, where nothing was wanting. Everybody caressed him; and his only business was to accompany the farmer as he rode round his fields, once a day, and to lie on the hearth by him when he sat in his great chair and smoked his pipe. He was the best dog in England, Mrs. Hodgson declared, for he drove all the beggars away; he was the best in the world, the farmer himself asserted, for he heard him barking at all hours of the night; and, exactly in proportion as he broke their rest, did he mend his character. One day, however, they had a tinker to mend the kettles, and the next day Rover was missing.

"Beshrew me!" said Betty Scuttle, the maid, "if that gipsy has not *ticed* him away."

"It is the very thing!" exclaimed the farmer, puffing a great smoke out of his pipe; and, incontinently mounting his horse, he rode to the gipsy camp on the common.

"Well, my lads," said he, as he saw them rising up from their tents in a bustle at his approach, "what have you done with my dog?"

"Your dog!—your honour!—why, has somebody taken your honour's dog? And did you think any of us could have done such a thing? Eh! master?" said three or four of them together, "we didn't suppose you would have thought so badly of us. When was anything of yours ever missing in all the years and the times that we have been here?"

"The dog! the dog!" impatiently said the farmer, who hated speeches; and, nevertheless, an old woman was putting herself into an attitude of eloquence, to prove that they knew nothing of it, when Rover himself, with a struggle and a howl, broke out of a tent just by, and appeared in a thousand vagaries of joy before his master, with an old rag of a red cloak tied about his neck. "The villains!" muttered Hodgson, "I'll rid the country of them;" and, spurring his horse, he was, in ten minutes, at the gates of Justice Gatcliffe. The justice, a stout old man, in a large, powdered wig, and his pretty daughter, were sitting under the verandah, by the door. The farmer was a tenant and a favourite of the justice's; and, after mutual compliments had passed, the justice's daughter was struck with admiration of Rover.

"What a beautiful dog! Mr. Hodgson."

"Ay," said the justice, "a fine fellow truly."

"Well, ma'am," added Hodgson, "and if you would like that dog now, you shall have it with all the pleasure in the world; and yet, do you know, it is about that

dog I am come hither at this very time? Those thievish vagabond gipsies stole him yesterday, and it's only by chance of the old red rag that ye see about his neck, that he made his escape. Indeed, miss! if his worship, your father, would but send them out of the country, he would do a good service."

"And that I will speedily," exclaimed the justice. "I will rid the country of the caitiffs."

In fact, nothing could have pleased him better—a bitter enemy was he of all beggars, gipsies, strolling players—of all that class which he termed the "rascal rabble:" and his anger against them had been doubled by a witty ballad-maker, who, in revenge for having been committed to the house of correction, had put him into verse, and sung him all over the country, on a half-penny strip of dirty paper, with an ugly woodcut at its top.

"Thank you! thank you!" said Miss Gatliffe with rapture to the farmer.

"Thank you! thank you!" said the farmer to the justice, for his promise of vengeance; and so well was that vengeance executed that not a gipsy could be found the next day in all the lordship.

Great, however, was the farmer's surprise, in a very few days, to hear that the gipsies, in order to revenge themselves, had made a desperate and wholesale attack upon the justice's game, in all quarters; and greater still, in a few days more, to learn that several were in custody; and, being old offenders in that line, were expected to be transported: but ten times greater became his amazement to hear that the justice himself

was missing. The whole country was in wonder and alarm. He had gone out for a short ride, when Rover, who had accompanied him, suddenly came back, panting, whining, and exhibiting the utmost uneasiness; and, soon afterwards, the horse appeared, returning without his master, but returning with the utmost quietness and composure, and showing no other symptom of disorder than having the bridle under his feet. The terror and confusion of the family may be imagined. Away went half-a-dozen servants in quest of their master; and away went Rover, running and barking before them, and impatient for their speed to equal his own, till he led them up a glen in the heath to the ruins of an old castle. When they came thither, however, nothing was to be seen. In vain they sought around; no person, no trace of any person, was visible; and they returned, scolding poor Rover for a simpleton. Rover, nevertheless, still lingered about the place; and it was only by earnest calling and whistling to him that he was prevailed on to follow them. Every hundred yards he again stopped, looking wistfully after them, but refusing to follow; and the moment they turned towards him, he wheeled round, with a toss of his head, and began galloping back. Struck by the dog's obstinacy, they agreed once more to follow him, but it was with no better success; so they went off in different directions. The country was traversed far and wide, but in vain. The country people persuaded themselves that the justice had fallen into the river: his daughter was overwhelmed with affliction; though all besides gave up the search, she was still unsatisfied, and Rover was as rest-

less as herself. All day he was continually whining and running to the door, as if he would fain have persuaded her to follow, till, struck by his behaviour, she determined that she would. Never was there seen so joyful a creature. He ran, he jumped, he galloped round, barking, in great circles; and, as his mistress and the servants followed, he again led the way to this very old ruin.

"It's of no use, ma'am, it's of no use," said the servants, as they once more went over the building; "we have examined every chink and corner; the dog has got some crotchet into his head, but what we cannot pretend to tell."

Miss Gatcliffe sat down on a stone, faint, and overcome with three days' sorrow and renewed disappointment—when, hark!—it was the barking of Rover somewhere below, as if he were furious. Away went the lady—away went the servants, following the sound, and soon found themselves at the foot of the tower, before a low, damp arch, overgrown with an elder tree. Within was Rover as furiously barking as ever, and entering, they found him at a door which was fast locked. They immediately began to batter it with stones, to force it open: and hush!—could it be true?—it was!—they heard the well-known voice of the justice himself, encouraging them to persevere. One general thrust!—the door flew open—and the justice was in his daughter's arms. It would have been hard to tell, however, which was most overcome—the lady by her previous sorrowful and present joyful excitement, or her father by the effects of his confinement.

"It is well you are come," said he; "I could not have held out much longer. Three days have I been in this cold, damp dungeon. The villain gipsies, when they forced me in hither, left me some food—mutton of my own flock and bread of my own corn—and departed. I have seen nothing of them since. The food has long been spent; and my continued efforts to effect my escape were nearly exhausted too. I heard the voices of my servants and of Rover near me on the first day, but I could not make them hear me; and I have been in utter despair of ever being found. I believe, however, my life would have depended upon the fate of those gipsies who are to be tried to-morrow."\*

These words explained the whole mystery; and I have only to add, that the gipsies were transported for life. Rover, advanced to the pinnacle of glory at Gabbe-Hall, was held a wonder of attachment and sagacity. He had made the fortune he set out to seek. The justice has long been dead; but Rover may be seen at this day, before the door, ready to testify his satisfaction in your notice by a flap or two of his tail on the ground, but too fat and lazy to rise at any one's call but that of his mistress.

\* The famous moss-trooper, Johnie Armstrong, once carried off a Scotch judge in a similar manner, and for a similar purpose.



## The Pet Pig.

THE occurrence of two or three smart gales of wind off the Cape of Good Hope (writes Captain Hall), and the unceremonious entrance of sundry pea-green seas, swept the deck of most of our live stock, excepting only one pig, known amongst the crew by the pet name of Jean.

In warm latitudes the men generally take their meals on deck, and it was Jean's grand amusement to cruise along amongst the crew, poking her snout into every bread-bag, and very often she scalded her tongue in the soup-dishes. Occasionally the sailors, to show the extent of their regard, poured a drop of grog down her throat. I never saw her fairly drunk, however, but once, upon which occasion, as was to be expected, she acted much like a human being in the same hoggish predicament. Whether it was owing to this high feeding, or to the constant scrubbing her hide received from sundry brushes and holy-stones, I know not, but she certainly grew and flourished at a most astonishing rate, and every day waxed more and more impudent and importunate at the dinner hour. I saw a good deal of this familiarity going on, but had no idea of the estimation Jean was held in till one day, when we were about half-way across the China Sea, and all our flock of sheep, fowls, and ducks were expended, I said to the steward, "You had better kill the pig, which, if pro-

perly managed, will last till we reach the Macao." The servant stood for some time rubbing his hair, and ruffling with his feet, mumbling something to himself. "Don't you hear?" I said; "kill the pig, and let us have the fry to-day; the head with plenty of port-wine, as mock-turtle soup to-morrow; and have one of the legs roasted for Saturday." Off he went, but in half-an-hour he returned on some pretence or other, when he took occasion to say, "Did you say Jean was to be killed, sir?" "Yes, certainly. Why do you bother and boggle about killing a pig?" "The ship's company, sir!" "Well, what have the ship's company to say to my pig?" "They are very fond of Jean, sir." "Well, what then?" "Why, sir, they would take it as a great kindness if you would not order her to be killed. She is a great pet, sir, and comes to them when they call her by name, like a dog. They have taught her not to venture abaft the mainmast; but if you will only call her, you will find what I say is true." "Indeed! I'll soon try the experiment." I seized my hat to go on deck. "Shall I tell the butcher to hold fast?" asked Campbell. "Of course!" I exclaimed, "of course!" Off shot the delighted steward like an arrow, and I could soon distinguish the effect of the announcement by the intermission of these horrible screams which attend the execution of the pig tribe, all which sounds were instantly terminated on the seizures being cut that held poor Jean's legs.

On reaching the quarter-deck, I told what had passed to the officer of the watch, who questioned its propriety a little, I thought, by the tone of his

answer. I, however, called out, "Jean, Jean, Jean, Jean!" and, in a moment, the delighted pig came prancing along. So urgent was her anxiety to answer the call, as if to show her sense of the trifling favour I had just conferred upon her, that she dashed towards us, tripped up the officer's heels, and had I not caught him, he would have gone down upon the deck. Even as it was, he indulged in a growl, and muttered out, "You see, sir, what your yielding to such whims brings upon us." I said nothing, but only took care in future to caution my friends to mind their footing when Jean was summoned aft, which, I allow, was very often, for there was no resisting the exhibition to all strangers of such a patent feat as this. To the Chinese, in particular, our comical favourite became an object of the highest admiration. The natives of the Celestial Empire soon recognised in this happiest of swine the celebrated breed of their own country; and many a broad hint I got as to the acceptable nature of such a present, but I was deaf to them all, for I felt that Jean now belonged more to the ship's company than to me, and that there was a sort of obligation upon me neither to eat nor drink her, nor to give her away.

Under this tacit guarantee, she gained so rapidly in size, fat, and other accomplishments, that on our return to China, after visiting Loochoo and other islands of the Japan Sea, the gentlemen of the factory could hardly credit me that this huge monster was the same animal. In talking of Jean's accomplishments, I must not be understood as describing her as a *learned pig*, for she could not play at cards, solve quadratic equa-

tions, nor perform any of those feats which enchant and astonish the eyes of citizens of London and elsewhere, where many dogs and hogs are devoutly believed to be vested with a degree of intelligence rather above than below the average range of human intellect. Far from this, honest Jean could do nothing more than eat, drink, sleep, and grunt; in these respects she was totally unequalled, and the effect of her proficiency in these characteristic qualities became daily more manifest.

At first, as I have mentioned, when her name was called from any part of the ship, she would caper along, and dash impetuously up to the group by whom she was summoned; but, after a time, she became so lazy that it required many a call to get her to move, and the offer of a slice of pine-apple, or even a delicious mango-stem, was now hardly enough to make her open her eyes, though, in the earlier stages of the voyage, she had been too thankful for a potatoe, or the skin of an apple. As she advanced in fatness she lost altogether the power of walking, and expected the men to bring the good things of their table to her, instead of allowing her to come for them. This was cheerfully done, and though the only show of gratitude was a grunt, it was taken for a full recompense of all trouble on her account. Both her eyes became bunged up by huge bolsters of fat, which admitted only a slender chink of light between them. As she had long lost the power of locomotion, she generally lay flat on her side all day long, giving out a low sort of grunt for more food once every hour.

At this stage of her happiness, two of her legs only touched the deck, the others being rigged out horizontally; but as she became fatter and fatter, the upper pair of legs gradually formed an angle with the horizon, and eventually assumed the position of  $45^{\circ}$ . The lower legs next began to leave the deck, as the rotundity of her corporation became greater, till at length all her four legs were erected towards the heavens, and it became a source of discussion amongst the curious, as to which side she was actually lying upon. A hollow, difficult, feeble moan, hardly a grunt, gave token of her impatience when a rope came too near her, or when a party of sailors, running away with the jib-haulyards, tripped over her huge carcase.

We had scarcely anchored at Second Bar, in the midst of a fleet of magnificent English ships, when we were boarded by a host of English mandarins, Hoppos, Hong merchants, wearing all the variety of buttons by which ranks are distinguished in that well-classified land. This was not to compliment us, or to offer us assistance, or even to inquire our business. One single object seemed to engage all their thoughts, and animate the curiosity of half the province of Quan-tung. The fame of our *fat sow* Jean, in short, had far outrun the speed of the *Lyra*, and nothing was heard of, on every hand, but the wondering exclamations of the natives, screaming out in admiration, "*High yaw! high yaw!*" We had enough to do to clear the ship at night of these our visitors; but we were by no means left in solitude, for the *Lyra* anchorage was completely crowded with native boats. The motive of this attention on the part

of the Chinese was not merely pure admiration of *Jean*, as we at first suspected; for when the decks came to be washed next morning, and two or three dead ducks were thrown overboard, a rush of a dozen boats took place towards the spot, and there was a battle royal in the river for the precious property. Upon inquiring we found that foreign ships were always surrounded by the boats from Canton, where the state of want appears to be so great, that the people eagerly seek after the smallest morsels of food, and struggle with avidity to catch dead stock of any kind thrown overboard. This at once explained the marvellous degree of attention which we had been honoured with; for the acute Chinese, skilled especially in hog's flesh, saw very well that our *pet* pig was not long for this world; and knowing that if she died a natural death, we should think no more of eating her than one of ourselves, and having guessed also that we had no intention of killing her to save her life, they very reasonably inferred that ere long this glorious *bonne bouche* would be at the disposal of Chinese taste and delicacy. Our men who soon got wind of this intention on the part of the Chinese, became quite outrageous against the *Fukee*, as the natives are called, and would hardly permit any visitors to come near her, lest they should poison their favourite, and so accelerate her inevitable fate. At length poor *Jean* gave tokens of approaching dissolution; she could neither eat nor drink, nor even grunt, and her breathing was very like that of a broken bellows,—in short, *she died!* Every art was taken to conceal the melancholy event from the Chinese, but somehow or other it

got abroad, for the other English ships were deserted, and long before sunset a dense mass of boats, like a floating town, was formed astern and in both quarters of the *Lyra*.

The sailors now held a grand consultation what was to be done, and after much discussion, and many neat and appropriate speeches, it was unanimously resolved that the mortal remains of their favourite, now no more, should be deposited in the mud of the river Canton, in such a way that the most dexterous and hungry inhabitant of the Celestial Empire should not be able to fish her up again. As soon as it was quite dark, and all the Chinese boats sent as usual beyond a circle limited by the ship's buoys, the defunct pig's friends set to work to prepare her obsequies. The chief object was to guard against the ravenous natives hearing the splash as she went overboard, and next that she should not afterwards float to the surface. The first point was easily accomplished, as will be seen presently; but there was a long debate in whispers among the men as to the most expedient plan of keeping the body of their late pet from showing her snout above the stream. At length it was suggested by the cockswain of one of the boats which had been sent during the morning to sound the passage, that as the bed of the river where the brig lay, consisted of a deep layer of mud, it would be a good thing if Jean's remains could be driven so far into this soft stratum, that the drags and hooks of the hungry Chinese might never be able to grapple her up again. This advice was much applauded, and at once acted on, with that

happy felicity of resource which it is the pride of the profession to have always in store, for small as well as for great occasions. The dead sow was first laid on its back, and then two masses of iron ballast being placed, one on each side of the cheek, were lashed securely to the neck and shoulders, in such a manner that the ends of the kentlage met across the nose, and formed, as it was very properly called, an *extra snout* for piercing the mud.

When all was ready, the midship carronade was silently dismounted, the side unbolted, and the whole removed out of the way; Jean's enormous corporation being then elevated by means of capstan bars and handspikes, was brought on a level with the port side. A slip rope was next passed between her hind legs, which had been tied together at the feet, and poor Miss Piggy, being gradually pushed over the ship's side, was lowered slowly into the water. When fairly under the surface, and there were no fears of any splash being caused by letting her go, one end of the rope was slipped, upon which the well-loaded carcase shot down perpendicularly, at such a rate that there could be no question of its being immersed a fathom deep at least in the mud, and, of course, far beyond the reach of the disappointed Chinese.



## The Pet Donkey.

"For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

SHAKESPEARE.

AND who that looks upon the heavy burdens, the hard fare, and still harder usage, to which this race of animals is subjected, will deny the truth of this quotation? Yet in this class, as well as in the human species, there are some few exceptions; and thus it was with the subject of the following tale.

Her mother had been introduced to the house of a Mr. Swinton, a gentleman of Hampshire, for the sake of her milk, then thought necessary for the health of one of the younger members of his family.

Daisy was at that time a small ragged colt, who trotted by the side of her mother, unconscious of the destiny which awaited her. So much benefit did little Henry appear to derive from the milk, that both parent and foal became especial favourites with the family.

After a while, however, when Henry Swinton's ruddy cheeks, boisterous spirits, incessant and untiring motions, declared that the doctor's prescriptions and the ass's milk were no longer needful, Judy was discharged from her office, and given up for the accommodation of an invalid neighbour; but although, for the sake of benefitting another, poor Judy might be spared, to

part with the donkey was considered by the young folks of the family as absolutely impossible. No princess in a fairy tale, gifted by the liberality of beneficent genii, had ever more perfections in the eyes of its young admirers than little Daisy, who was declared to be the most beautiful, the most intelligent, and the most gentle creature that ever went upon four feet. She was indeed as patient and tractable as though subjected to the severest discipline, yet as full of glee and frolic as if she had never experienced the least restraint.

To bestow an appropriate name on this nonpareil of a donkey had cost our little friends as much study as it did Don Quixote to give a suitable appellation to his steed Rosinante;—very possibly my young readers may consider their study to have been to little purpose, as no point of similarity ever did or could exist between a long-eared ass and a flower; but, as I said before, this donkey was, in the estimation of its partial mistresses, the quintessence of animal perfection; and, according to their simple and innocent ideas, nothing could better express beauty and joy than the name of Daisy, that sweet flower of spring, which is the favourite, and seems to be the very type, of happy childhood.

But to proceed with our story. The time having arrived for Judy to be sent away, petitions were proffered by all the younger members of the family, that the little donkey might still remain.

“Only think, mamma,” said Julia, the eldest girl, “how willingly poor Daisy went without her share of milk, which did my brother so much good.”

“Why, my love,” said Mrs. Swinton, “in that respect,

poor Daisy had no choice allowed her; or I doubt whether her good nature would have gone so far."

"Indeed, dear mamma, I think it would," exclaimed Ellen; "for one morning, when Patty was milking old Judy, the young one stood by, looking so sensible and good natured, as if she knew all about its being for Poor Henry; and then to see how pleased she seems when we dress her with flowers and ribbons, and how pretty she looks!"

"Ay, ribbons may do well enough," interrupted Henry; "but flowers——I wish, mamma, you had seen her the other day, when Ellen and Julia had made her so smart, with great bunches of flowers—and some of them happened to fall over her nose, and it was such fun to see how Daisy began to nibble away her finery."

"Come, come, Henry," said Mr. Swinton, "you ought to be the last to talk about poor Daisy's indecorous behaviour; young donkeys may forget themselves at times, as well as young gentlemen, and pay no more regard to their fine head-gear than is paid to the decoration of his table by a little boy of my acquaintance, who once on his birth-day, wished to have an entertainment, and his mamma had made him a fine custard, but——"

"Oh, hush, papa, hush!" cried Henry, with cheeks and ears glowing crimson red; "you know that was a long, long while ago—even my sisters have left off laughing at me about it."

"What does papa say to our keeping the donkey?"

"My dear children," said Mr. Swinton, "you know I am generally ready to comply with your reasonable

requests ;” and he laid a stress on the word “*reasonable*.”

“Well, dear father, and is this a very *un-reasonable* one?” timidly asked Julia.

“Perhaps not,” replied her father, “in some respects ; nevertheless, if I comply with it, it must be on certain conditions. For some time past, owing to Henry’s illness, your mother and myself have not found our minds sufficiently disengaged to attend as usual to your employments—next week your brother will go to school, and then lessons will proceed as usual. Of late the little donkey has furnished you with occupation and amusement also ; and if she remains, you must not think of running into the fields every minute to have a gambol with your new favourite.”

“I know all that,” said Julia ; “and indeed we will attend diligently to our lessons, and only amuse ourselves with Daisy in our play-hours. It is such a pleasure to see the poor thing run to meet us, and rub its head against us, as if it asked to be made much of. Oh, there never was such a fond gentle creature !”

“But, my dear girl,” said Mrs. Swiuton, “you have already so many pets, that I really think you can scarcely find time to attend to them all properly.”

“That is what I was just going to observe,” said the father ; “and it appears to me that Daisy has evidently supplanted all the rest. Therefore, what I propose is, that if the donkey is kept, the other family pets must be given up. Julia’s young friend Charlotte Jefferson will, I doubt not, gladly receive the goldfinch and canary-bird that she so often admired ; and Mrs.

Wilson, I daresay, will be pleased to take Ellen's squirrel off her hands. Then, your little dog Frisk has so many admirers, that he will not long want a place. So now, my dears, choose—which will you keep, the old favourites or the new one?"

There was a dead silence for a minute or two, the children looking at each other in consternation.

"I should think, Julia," added Mrs. Swinton, "that it would not give you much concern to part with your birds; for I have lately observed that they have appeared to be rather a trouble than a pleasure to you—I have more than once had to remind you to give them fresh water and seed; and it was only yesterday that I heard Ellen complain that her squirrel had grown stupid and sleepy."

Again the girls looked at each other, conscience-struck. All that papa said was true; Daisy had indeed so far supplanted the domestic pets, that the necessary attendance required by them had become rather irksome, and been performed as a task,—for it was a rule laid down by the parents of my little friends, that if they were indulged with keeping birds, squirrels, or any other animals, the charge of providing for and attending these creatures should devolve on them only.

Some time had now elapsed, and still the children could not decide what to do—they had anticipated the delightful rides they should have, if permitted to keep the donkey; but then—alas! that there must always be a *but*!—the terms on which they were to enjoy the new pleasure did not sit easily on their consciences.

At this moment little Caroline, who was stationed at the window, called them to "come and look at dear Daisy, who had just met old Judy, her mother, from whom she had been parted some days—"Only see, mamma, what a fuss she is making, and how delighted she is!—and now she is prancing round the field, as if she did not know what to do."

"And old Judy," said Ellen, "looks as if she thought—'what a little fool you are!'"

"Yes," said Mr. Swinton, "she looks as though she would say—'When you have lived as long as I have in the world, you will have done with these silly antics.'"

"And yet, papa," cried Julia, "she looks as if she could not find it in her heart to be angry with her young one, let her be ever so silly. Oh dear! we never can let Daisy go—such a merry, pretty, little creature!—at any rate, papa, we will consider about it."

"Do so, my dears," said the father, "and I will give you till to-morrow to decide on what you will do."

Even this respite was something, and the subject dropped for the present.

As Henry was going to school, he was not so much interested in the matter as his sisters; and little Caroline was too young to be admitted into the consultation. The matter in question was therefore discussed by Julia and Ellen; and so entirely did it occupy their thoughts, that during this and part of the following day, they scarcely knew what they were about. The music-master was grievously annoyed to find his little pupils, of whose abilities he was very proud, execute a duet far worse than they had done a fortnight before; and poor

Ellen made so many mistakes in her copy-book, that it was evident her thoughts were upon anything rather than her employment.

When the occupations of the day were over, the young people, as usual, sought their favourite Daisy, who was admired, caressed, and decorated with ribbons; while the in-door pets, though carefully attended to, were scarcely noticed beyond what their wants required.

"I see," said Mr. Swinton, "how this matter will end. The urchins have become so fond of that creature, that they will do anything but part with it."

Mrs. Swinton sighed; young as her children were, she was sorry to observe what she considered a proof of caprice, though, with motherly tenderness, she wished to put the best construction on their dispositions."

"To be sure," said she, "it is very natural they should be fond of the little creature—it is associated in their minds with the benefit their brother received from the ass's milk; and it is such a delightful exercise for them to ride about the field,—I do not wonder at them—and yet," added she, "I am almost sorry you gave them the choice—it has sadly perplexed them."

"I am aware of that," replied her husband; "but I wish to prove the character of their dispositions. Not, believe me, that I shall consider them grievously to blame for deciding as I imagine they will; only, after this trial, I do not think it will be advisable to indulge their fancies in a similar way. Hitherto, nursing young birds, taming squirrels, or keeping rabbits, has been a source of innocent amusement; but I regard these matters in another point of view. A morbid sensibility

is the last thing I should desire to foster in our children's minds, though one of the first things I wish to cultivate in them is humanity. Those people who indulge their own whims rather than a kindly disposition towards these creatures, by pampering them, are frequently the first to act cruelly by them. Does the pet lose its beauty, or any of the qualities that rendered it attractive in their eyes, it is sent off to make room for another; and the very animal which has been rendered susceptible by a blameable tenderness is often subjected to hardships, the misery of which it feels in proportion to the luxury to which it has been accustomed."

Mr. Swinton was here interrupted by the entrance of Julia and Ellen. The children looked sorrowful; nevertheless their step and manner assured the parents that the matter was decided.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Swinton, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes, mamma," said Julia, in reply to the implied question, "we have determined what to do. We are all of us very fond of poor Daisy—but"—Julia's eyes filled, and she stopped. "But we have resolved to let her go," added Ellen, taking up the subject, as if fearing her sister's resolution; "we have been thinking a great deal of what you and papa said, and we know it's all very true about our having sadly neglected our lessons, and—" Ellen found that she had herself wandered from the immediate point, so she turned to Julia, who once more took up the matter.

"And so, papa," said the elder girl, "we think, that though it may be hard for Daisy to go away, yet it



would be much worse for the poor things that have lived so long with us to go into strange places. As for Frisk, our little dog, I am sure, though many people may be fond of him, he would never like anybody else."

"And my pretty squirrel," said Ellen, "though I did say he was sleepy and stupid, I would not have any harm happen to him that I could help; and Julia says the same of her bird: so, papa, if you please, we have settled to part with Daisy."

Again poor Ellen stopped, nor could Julia proceed.

"Well, my dear children," said Mr. Swinton, "you have decided as I would wish, with good judgment and good feeling; and the proof you have given that you have not been actuated by capricious kindness inclines me to indulge your wishes in keeping the donkey."

It would be vain to attempt to describe the joy and gratitude expressed by the children for this now unexpected gratification of their earnest wishes—promises of diligence and industry were reiterated—good resolutions of early rising were formed—and plans laid down for the future, with a determination that their partiality for Daisy should never encroach on the time destined for their studies, or render them negligent of their other favourites.

The happy little girls then went once more to their field to visit Daisy, whom they now regarded with double satisfaction; they told her of her good fortune, and returned with earnest assurances that the animal understood what they said, and seemed to rejoice at the privilege of remaining among them.

Their parents never had occasion to regret the indulgence bestowed on their affectionate children; and with regard to the young donkey, every day made it a matter of congratulation that she had been retained, as never did one of her species exhibit so much docility and gentleness.

Somewhat more than twelve months had elapsed since the donkey had been established among them, and little Daisy, as she was still called, though with no pretensions to the former part of the title, being now a fine, sleek, and well-grown animal, was undergoing the operation of being rubbed down, brushed, and polished with more than ordinary care, for no less occasion than an excursion to an adjacent hamlet, near which was a wood abounding in acorns, nuts, and blackberries. This was a holiday, to which the children had long been looking forward. Some of my young readers may perhaps wonder that these little girls should anticipate a recreation of this kind with so much glee; the truth is, that it was the aim of Mr. and Mrs. Swinton, instead of giving them a taste for artificial pleasures, such as children's balls or public places, to preserve in the minds of their offspring a relish for simple and innocent enjoyments; and happier young beings could scarcely be found. To seek the first violets and primroses, was to them a gala; to sport in the hay-field, or go gleaning in harvest-time, constituted another of their prime treats; and I think any little boy or girl greatly to be pitied who cannot enter into such feelings with equal delight.

As I before observed, none of the holidays of this

kind had ever been anticipated with so much rapture as the present excursion. The plan was this; that the children should have a very early dinner, and then set out; and Daisy, decked with smart blue rosettes, which his friends had been at infinite pains to form in the most elegant fashion, was to carry the young ladies by turns.

I need hardly say, that little was expected to be done in the course of that morning, which was passed in bustling preparation and noisy mirth. Good nurse Bridget, who was to accompany them, though doatingly fond of her youthful charge, could not help saying, she should not be very sorry when the day was over, for the children, dear lambs, had worried her almost out of her wits about it; even Miss Caroline had not let her sleep a wink since five in the morning, she was in such a hurry to be up and dressed.

It was agreed that the young folks should set off at two o'clock; but they were up so early, and so anxious not to be behind time, that they were all ready two hours beforehand.

"Well, Bridget," said Mrs. Swinton, "I see that these impatient urchins are not disposed to dine, so they may as well depart; and you can take with you some provisions, for which, I daresay, they will have a better relish in the fields than in the house."

"Dear Daisy," said Ellen, apostrophizing the donkey, "are you not pleased to go with us, and that the day is so fine?" But Daisy did not look glad or pleased about the matter, though she bent her head to meet the soft hand of her kind mistress.

The joyous party now commenced their journey ; the light and fairy-like form of little Caroline was all that the donkey had to bear, as the two elder girls resolved to walk, considering they would have more need of her assistance on their return, as they would then have an additional load, in the treasures they intended to collect. It was not with our party as the poet has said of mankind in general, that—

“ Man never is, but always to be blest ; ”

they did not put off enjoyment till this or that circumstance should take place, but caught at every pleasure within their reach.

In the course of their journey, the mirth of the children became almost riotous, so that nurse had more than once to remind them that they were young ladies, and should not shout quite so loud in the fields ; she also entreated them to consider the heat of the weather, for if they scampered about so much before they came to the wood, they would completely tire themselves, and not be able to fill their baskets with nuts and acorns. These remonstrances were regarded for a short while, and then the exuberant spirits of the young folks broke out again ; and good nurse Bridget afterwards declared, that the dear little souls were so happy, she could not find it in her heart to check them.

In about an hour and a half they arrived at the famous wood.

“ Here we are at last ! ” exclaimed Julia joyfully ; “ now for our baskets : oh, I wish they were larger, for I know there will be such lots both of nuts and acorns !

Only think what a wind there was last night ; I dare say it came on purpose to blow them down for us."

"But now, dears," interrupted nurse Bridget, "don't you think we had better sit down and rest awhile—you will be sadly tired, and I should think you must be hungry by this time ; come, darlings, do take a bit before you begin your sport."

The meal was highly enjoyed, but despatched quickly ; for now every moment was considered as lost till they entered upon their employment ; but, notwithstanding their haste, the considerate children did not forget the donkey. A hovel or shed was selected in which to secure the animal, and having satisfied their own appetites, they did not fail to gather a lapful of clover that she might regale while they were away. This done, with happy hearts and renewed glee did the merry party start on their expedition ; and three hours, three delightful hours, were spent in the wood and its vicinity, in shouting, laughing, tumbling, and scrambling.

Oh, what would not grown-up human beings give to feel again that buoyancy of spirit, that reckless happiness never experienced but in childhood ! when nuts and acorns, shells and pebbles, are the treasures sought with all the eagerness, but none of the anxiety, with which, in after-life, fame and riches are pursued !

As I before said, the time passed only too quickly. Nurse Bridget, seated on the stump of an old oak, was appointed receiver-general on this occasion ; but her assurances that they would not be able to carry one half of what they had collected, were set at nought. The baskets were filled and refilled ; and nurse could

only look on and wonder that the children's legs were not weary with scampering about so many hours.

At length the slanting rays of a declining sun, as they shot between the branches, warned Bridget that it was time to think of returning. Loud and vehement were the declarations that they had not been in the wood above an hour; most eloquently did they argue that it was still very early, even endeavouring to prove that the sun's going down was no sign of the close of day—then came entreaties for a quarter of an hour longer, as a new mine of wealth had been discovered of larger acorns and riper nuts than they had met with before.

Well, the good-natured nurse granted the quarter of an hour, as the day was remarkably mild and fine; but when they came to prepare for departure, what Bridget had said proved true: the girls had collected so large a quantity, that to convey it to the shed required some contrivance. Nurse tried to persuade them to take only the best part of what they had gathered, and to leave the rest; but to this proposal they could not consent. These little girls would at any time part with their money, play-things, or cakes; but no antiquary ever surveyed a collection of choice gems or medals with more delight than they did their precious gatherings. Baskets, pocket-handkerchiefs, and, lastly, nurse's pockets, were filled, I may say crammed; and still a heap of the treasure remained. At last, "I have a thought," exclaimed Julia, "how we can manage it. Dear nurse, only wait half a minute, while we bring Daisy here, and then you shall see my contrivance:

come, Ellen,"—and away ran the two girls, followed by their no less nimble sister Caroline, who never would be left behind. With light steps did the merry party approach the shed, where the donkey had been left.

"I don't see Daisy," cried Ellen, "oh, there she is—  
asleep, I declare?" "Asleep!" exclaimed Julia, in a tone of alarm, as she beheld the stiff and outstretched limbs of the animal—"asleep!—no, she's dead!" and poor Julia burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears. Ellen could not credit the reality of what she saw; and kneeling by the late favourite, she placed her hand on its side, anxious to feel if any pulsation of the heart indicated that life was still there; while little Caroline stood by in wondering consternation, looking from one to the other, hardly comprehending the reality of the scene before her.

It were needless to describe the grief and lamentations of the sorrowing party for the loss of their favourite, nor could any reason be assigned for the sudden and unlooked-for death of the animal.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Swinton began to grow uneasy at the protracted stay of their children, notwithstanding their confidence in nurse Bridget, and the gentleness of the donkey.

"You need not keep watching at the window, Ellen," said Mr. Swinton to his wife; "depend upon it we shall hear them long before we see them."

But Mr. Swinton's surmise proved incorrect, as sadly and silently the little group returned to their home. The first sound of Julia's voice announced that something had happened; and the anxious parents hastened

down stairs in alarm to learn what accident had befallen them.

"Thank God!" said the mother, as she looked round and saw her darlings in safety, though in affliction. The cause was soon explained; and so much had the fears of the parents been excited, that the explanations became a relief to their minds, though they truly regretted the loss of the gentle animal, which had afforded so much pleasure to their children.

When the sorrowing party had assembled round the tea-table, no one could have imagined they were the same joyous party that had met round it in the morning. The evening was passed in conjecturing what could have caused the death of their favourite, lamenting her loss, and eulogizing her good qualities.

"To think," said Julia, "that the poor thing should just live to go with us to-day, as if she would give us her last services!"

"But how glad I am," rejoined Ellen, "that we never once switched her, or urged her to go faster than she liked!"

"My dear children," said Mrs. Swinton, "though I never wish to check your innocent enjoyments, yet, as it is a lesson that will be forced upon you, I must remind you that in this life pleasure seldom comes unalloyed by pain. In the present instance, though I do not wonder that you deeply lament the loss of your favourite, yet, on the poor animal's account, there is little cause for regret. While so many of her unfortunate species drag on a weary life, subjected to misery and hardship of every kind, this creature has enjoyed



her existence to the very last, and may be said to have had more happy days than fall to the share of thousands of her race, who have lived a greater number of years than she has done months. Besides, you have the satisfaction of knowing the end of your favourite, which might not have been the case had any contingency obliged us to part with her."

Ellen and Julia listened, and found, as their mother said, many considerations to console them. There is a buoyant elasticity of spirits in early youth, which quickly rises above the pressure of grief. The sorrow of their children passed from their innocent minds like an April shower. The following summer found them again planning their delightful excursions into the fields. Another donkey had succeeded to its predecessor, enjoying all her privileges, and endowed with all her good qualities.

My little readers may perhaps be surprised; for, after the descriptions I have given of Daisy's perfections, where could such a phoenix of a donkey be found? The secret is this—good usage brings forth good dispositions; and many a poor animal that is characterized as obstinate or vicious, would never have become so but from *ill treatment*.

## Tiglath-Pileser, the Pet Bear.

SOMETIMES the education of a bear is taken up by accomplished hands (writes Mr. Wood), and then he turns out a capital pupil, especially in his choice of food.

Such an animal was the renowned Tiglath-Pileser, the gentlemanly Oxford bear. He was one of the Syrian bears, the animals mentioned in the book of Kings, as the destroyers of the children that mocked Elisha. The colour of these bears is a yellowish white, except when they are young, at which time the fur is brown. It is somewhat remarkable, that the young of a white animal should be dark, while the young of many dark animals, such as the agile Gibbon monkey or the hippopotamus, should be light. An opposite change of colour takes place in the young of the lion and puma, whose fur is spotted or brindled until they attain to maturer years.

But to return to Tiglath-Pileser, called, for the sake of brevity, Tig. He was a contemporary to my dog Rory, and was much such an individual among bears, as Rory among dogs, and, indeed, in many points, their taste was identical. The history of Tig has several times been presented to the public, and I shall, therefore, give but a short notice of him.

His entrance into the University was marked by that eccentricity of demeanour which never deserted him

through his life. Immediately on his escaping from the confinement of the hamper in which he had made a long railway journey, he ran away, and passing down the cloisters with which the rooms of his master communicated, he got into the cathedral just as the first lesson was being read. So unaccountable an intruder caused great discomposure in the mind of the verger, who took refuge in a pew, and fastened the door. The bear derived his name from this exploit, as the name of Tiglath-Pileser, happened to be mentioned just when he entered the cathedral. Tig soon escaped from the cathedral, and after a severe chase in "Tomquod," was captured by means of a gown thrown over him, and was led back to his proper home walking on his hind legs and sucking one of his master's fingers, an amusement of which he was very fond.

His collegiate life now began, and he conformed himself admirably to the customs of the University, meaning of course, the undergraduate portion of the University. He was decked in cap and gown, and conveyed to wine parties, where he made himself very much at home, and ate ices, with great discrimination. By the way, it seemed to be an invariable custom with collegians to dress their favourites in full academics. When the famous dwarf, General Tom Thomb, was in Oxford, he had a little cap and gown made for him, the model of the cap being the tailor's fist, and the gown proportionately small. In these habiliments he went round the colleges to pay his respects to the University as represented by its members.

Tig ought to have lived in a little yard on which his master's rooms opened, but he made such a noise when

left alone at night, that he was brought into the rooms in self-defence. Moreover, in the same yard were an eagle, a tortoise, and a monkey, neither particularly good company for poor Tig, for the monkey used to pull his ears or hair, while the eagle, being unconvivial in his habits, stood on the tortoise almost all day, and beguiled the hours by trying to eat it, a proceeding which the tortoise endured with the greatest equanimity.

So Tig's life became that of an undergraduate, and when vacations came he left the college with his master, and lived in a village, where he played sundry pranks. On one occasion he was taken for a ride to a distant village, his hind legs resting on the horse's back, and his fore-paws on his master's shoulders. The horse evinced great disapprobation of the claws that Tig wore on his hind feet, and plunged about in order to shake off the incumbrance. But Tig held on quite firmly, and reached his journey's end in safety.

As he grew older, his fur became whiter, and he bid fair to become a beautiful specimen of the Syrian bear. The authorities, however, at the college, not being quite so attached to the bear as the junior members, and having for some time exercised considerable forbearance on the subject, at last issued the fatal mandate, and poor Tig's last day at college arrived. In order that he might be properly attended to, he was sent to the Zoological Gardens, and put in a den. But the mandate of expulsion was indeed a fatal one, for the poor animal could not be reconciled to the change, and after some time spent in incessantly running up and down his den in vain efforts to escape, he was found dead one morning.

## Madelon.

I HAVE very little to say about the portrait of the pretty Swiss girl, upon whom your eyes have just been fixed, my dear young friend ; but that little I will tell you. You fancy she is very fond of her dog ? You are right ; she really loves her. She esteems her for her honest qualities ; and loves her because she was beloved by her dead mother ; but I must not anticipate my story.

Her father and mother had not lived happily together. Mrs. St. John expected a great deal of attention, respect, and admiration ; and her husband was not inclined to treat her with either of the three. He had been, in his youth, accustomed to meet with the same species of attention, respect, and admiration, which his wife desired from him. Now, if Mr. St. John would have been content that Mrs. St. John had admired him ; and if Mrs. St. John would have been satisfied if Mr. St. John lay on the sofa all the day admiring her, perhaps they might have got on very well together ; but the fact was, that both Mr. and Mrs. St. John never thought of admiring each other. Mr. St. John admired himself, and Mrs. St. John admired herself, more than anybody else in the world. And some silly ladies admired Mr. St. John ; and some silly gentlemen admired Mrs. St. John : and Mrs. St.

John sighed, because her husband did not perceive her merits ; and Mr. St. John grumbled, because his wife was insensible to his good qualities. And both knowing nothing of the real pleasure that dwells with those who conquer their own tempers, and not being at all aware of the disgusting nature of vanity and selfishness, quarrelled and separated ; Mrs. St. John choosing to live in Switzerland, and Mr. St. John to wander all over the world in search of that happiness which his vanity prevented his enjoying anywhere. For a long time they continued in their foolishness ; but as they grew a little older, they began to grow a little wiser. It was very little at a time ; but, when once a beginning is made, it is extraordinary how much wisdom can be gathered in a few years ; Mr. St. John often thought of his wife, and wondered how his daughter was growing up.

One day Mrs. St. John was dressing ; and she said to Madelon,—“ Fetch me your dressing-glass ; the plate of this glass is worn—I cannot dress by it.” And Madelon brought the dressing-glass ; and Mrs. St. John said,—“ This plate is as bad as the other. When I was at Venice, I had a beautiful glass to dress by ; and I had it cut it up, so as to fit in the cover of my work-table—bring me *that* glass, for it is true.” And Madelon did so ; but she observed her mother shake her head at the glass, and all the evening remained silent and serious ; and, before the night had passed, she told Madelon that she saw it was *she* who had changed, and not the glass : “ they were all true,” she said, “ but her beauty was faded.” And she told Madelon, that the unhappiness which had arisen between her husband

and herself, had grown out of the vanity of both ; and she endeavoured to make amends for her fault, by guarding Madelon against it.

She wrote to her husband, and expressed her sorrow for the past ; but before she could receive an answer, poor lady ! she died, leaving Madelon alone, though not without friends. One of these kindly offered to conduct the afflicted girl to England ; and Madelon commenced her journey with *that* dog in her arms, and her friend by her side.

“Never part with Dash as long as she lives,” had been one of her mother’s dying commands. “Your father gave her to me when she was quite a puppy, the year you were born.”

Children are always repaid, even in this life, for following their parents’ directions. They journeyed on ; and when they stopped to change horses at Beauvais, they saw a gentleman, in a great bustle, in the inn-yard ; he was anxious to get on that night towards Switzerland. The moment Dash heard his voice, she erected her pretty Spanish ears, that you see now lying smoothly at either side her gentle face ; she strained her eyes, but could not make him out. Again he spoke ; and, though Madelon cried, “*Fi-donc, Dash ! restez tranquille !*” and held her in the carriage with all her strength, the sagacious creature would not be quiet until she covered the gentleman with caresses. An explanation followed ; and Dash, poor old Dash, literally introduced the father and daughter to each other. Mr. St. John had seen the error of his ways, and was hastening to meet a wife whom it was the will of God he should meet no more

in this world. Dash's memory saved the father and daughter a prolonged and painful journey, for neither could have recognised each other. I think Madelon would be very much to blame if she did not value, and even love, so faithful and so true a friend.

Look again upon the pictures of both : the young girl in her pretty dress, half Swiss, half English ; and the good old dog, enjoying the caresses of her fair mistress. It is a pretty picture, and I am sure you will like it.



## The Pet Hippopotamus.

"So, consul," said the pasha abruptly, one day, when Mr. Murray was dining with him, "so you want a hippopotamus?"

"Very much, your highness."

"And you think that such an animal would be an acceptable present to your queen and country?"

"He would be accounted a great rarity," said the consul. "Our naturalists would receive him with open arms, figuratively speaking, and the public would crowd to pay their respects to him."

Abbas Pasha laughed at this pleasantry of the consul. "Well," said he, "we will inquire about this matter." He half turned his head over one shoulder to his attendants;—"Send here the Governor of Nubia!"

The attendants thus ordered, made their salam and retired.

Anybody, not previously aware of the easy habits of a despotic sovereign, would naturally conclude that the Governor of Nubia was at this time in Cairo, and at no great distance from the royal abode. But it was not so. The Governor of Nubia was simply there—at home—smoking his pipe in Nubia. This brief and unadorned order, therefore, involved a post haste messenger on a dromedary across the desert, with a boat up the Nile; and then more dromedaries, and then another boat, and

again a dromedary till the pasha's mandate was delivered. We next behold the Governor of Nubia, in full official trim, proceeding post-haste with his suite across the desert and down the Nile, travelling day and night, until finally he is announced to the pasha, and admitted to his most serene and fumigatious presence. The governor makes his grand salam.

"Governor," says the pasha—and we have this unique dialogue on the best authority—"Governor, have you hippopotami in your country?"

"We have, your highness."

Abbas Pasha reflected a moment; then said—"Send to me the Commander of the Nubian Army. Now go."

This was the whole dialogue. The governor made his salam, and retired. With the same haste and ceremony, so far as the two things can be combined, he returned to Nubia by boat, and dromedary, and horse, and covered litter; and the same hour found the Commander of the Army of Nubia galloping across the desert with his attendants in obedience to his royal mandate.

The pasha, knowing that all means of speed will be used, and what those means will be, together with the nature of the route, is able to calculate to a day when the commander ought to arrive—and therefore must arrive—at his peril, otherwise——. The British Consul is invited to dine with his highness on this day.

Duly, as expected, the Commander of the Nubian Army arrives, and is announced, just as the repast is concluded. He is forthwith ushered into the presence of the sublime beard and turban. Coffee and pipes are

being served. The commander makes his grand salam, shutting his eyes before the royal pipe.

"Commander," says the pasha, without taking his pipe from his mouth, "I hear that you have hippopotami in your country."

"It is true, your highness ; but—"

"Bring me a live hippopotamus—a young one. Now go."

This was actually the dialogue which took place on the occasion, and the whole of it.

Orders given in this very calm manner are not to be disobeyed, or even delayed ; and a party of picked men set off in search of their object. Now, the attainment of the object was not quite so easy as the enjoinder of it, for a young hippopotamus is not to be caught as one would catch a mouse or a frog. However, fortune at last favoured the hunters ; and after they had killed a female hippopotamus, they went towards a heap of brushwood which the poor animal had evidently been trying to reach, when she sank lifeless beneath the water. Scarcely had they reached the heap, when the hero of our narrative tumbled out of it, plunged head-long down the bank, and was just escaping into the water, when one of the men stuck a boat-hook into its side, and thus arrested its progress for a few seconds, while a couple of his companions took advantage of the movement to throw their arms around the animal, and thus got it into the boat.

The hardest part of the work was now over, and they proceeded at their leisure towards his mightiness, the pasha. But here was a difficulty. The hippopotamus.

as became an unweaned baby, turned up his broad nose at everything but milk,—utterly refusing meat, fish, alive or dead, (perhaps the sprat-mongers of the metropolis might have answered the purpose, as from their account their fish are always between the two states—a kind of zoological sandwich); and as to grass or hay he would none of it.

So, as he wanted milk, milk he had; being treated for the present very like a spoiled child, and not only did he consume all the milk that could be obtained at each station, but wanted more on the way. The keepers could not take milk with them, as heat of one hundred degrees or so in the shade does not tend to preserve that liquid, and their charge was so dainty, that he would have fresh milk, and nothing else. A cow was therefore taken on board to supply his voracious appetite. All the cows were drained on the journey, so that one is led to inquire what became of the villagers.

The answer is obvious—they must do without. The hippopotamus required milk, and milk he must have; so a cow was taken on board, in order to supply the want of the infantine milk-absorber between stations. In this manner, the whole *cortège* arrived safely at their destination, where an experienced keeper was waiting to receive the young hippopotamus. The same care was taken of him on board ship that had been exercised during his passage down the Nile; and a large tank was built on deck, and kept constantly filled with fresh water, which was renewed every two days.

It was feared at one time, that the daily cost of the milk requisite for his nourishment would be almost too

heavy, for the quantity that was consumed by the animal was something extraordinary; and if such were the case during his infancy, what might not be expected when, in the course of ten years or so, he had reached his full growth? Moreover he was quite a connoisseur in milk, and expressed his decided dissatisfaction at the liquid furnished from one of the metropolitan dairies. This he did, first, by turning up his nose, metaphorically, at the white compound; and, secondly, by requiring double the usual quantity. So a cow was kept for his express benefit. But there is no difficulty in the matter now, for he has had no milk for some years, and is perfectly satisfied with hay, grass, and a kind of mash that is made for him.

On this diet he has thriven very satisfactorily, and looks at present like a great India-rubber bottle, filled very full of oil, and supported on four legs. His head, too, is very much changed from its original smooth, stupid, good-natured aspect, and has assumed the fierce morosity which might be expected from the wild animal. His temper quite corresponds with his looks, and has suffered a sad change since the time when he first became a denizen of England, and made a play-fellow of his keeper. I was lately watching the animal carefully, and remarked to the attendant, that his charge was much altered during the last two years. "Ah! sir," said the man rather mournfully, and shaking his head at the animal as if it were a schoolboy, "he is much altered in every way." And then, after a pause he added, "and his temper has become very queer."

The creature appears now to have a great objection

to his visitors, and more than once opened his tremendous mouth, and tried to bite them through the iron bars which bound his bath. Once, indeed, his anger was fiercely aroused by a spectator, who thought that the hippopotamus put up his nose to be patted, and patted it accordingly. This was evidently considered as an insult ; and the beast raised himself as high as he could from the water, and with a furious snort, made such a plunge at the bars, that the bystanders scattered off in fear.

In these attacks the hippopotamus had no mercy on his own nose and enormous chin, which he knocked ruthlessly against the iron bars and stonework ; and in subsiding back into the water, his chin squeaked as it rubbed against the wet stone, just as a new pair of boots squeak when rubbed against each other.

## Dennis Wilmot and his Dog.

DENNIS WILMOT was the only child of a poor milk-woman, whose daily earnings just enabled her to maintain herself, her son, and his dog. She often complained grievously of the dog, as being quite an unnecessary addition to her family expenses; but Dennis was a wilful boy, and he protested that, if his dog was sent away, he would bring home another.

One would have thought to hear him argue in favour of this indulgence, that, to the brute creation, he was one of the kindest boys in the world; but, so far from this being the case, his greatest delight seemed to be playing tricks with his companion, so as to be constantly making him suffer from pain or disappointment. Sometimes he would fasten one of the dog's feet up to his body, and make him run on three; sometimes he would whistle with all his might, and pass quickly out at the door, as if he was going into the fields to walk, while the poor animal was purposely shut up in a dark closet, where he could hear him all the time; and seldom did he give him a mouthful of meat without having bobbed it twenty times at the dog's nose before he would give it up. Even then, the meat often contained a spoonful of mustard hid carefully in the inside; or, while the hungry dog was gaping for it, a

pinch of snuff would be popped into his mouth, or pepper dashed into his eyes instead.

Nor were these all, or half the cruel tricks which Dennis practised upon his faithful companion. From morning till night his greatest amusement was to teaze and torment him. And yet the dog loved his young master ; for, sometimes, it seems as if the affections of dumb animals were intended to put to shame the hard-heartedness of man.

Yes ; the dog loved him, and gamboled about his feet when he walked in the fields : and, if Dennis told him to lie still beside his basket or his hat when he climbed the trees for birds' nests, the dog watched as carefully over what was committed to his charge, as if he had been sure of meeting with the kindest reward.

It happened one night, on returning home, that Dennis felt unusually tired and peevish ; and, after refusing to eat any supper, because his mother had not made the sort of cakes he liked best, he sat down to rest his aching head upon his hand. He knew that his mother had done her best to make him comfortable, but he was *not* comfortable, and, therefore, he thought he had a right to be impatient and rude. He would not say that he was poorly, because he thought it would please his mother to tell her exactly how he felt, and why he sat so still beside the fire ; and, when his dog crept close up to him, looking anxiously in his face, and placing one foot upon his arm, as if to *make* him speak, he gave the poor fellow a kick that sent him howling out of the room.



“What is the matter with you to-night, Dennis?” said his mother, in a kinder tone than he deserved.

Dennis burst into tears, for he was really very ill ; and the next morning he was worse. The small-pox was in the village ; and, it was soon discovered, that the widow’s son had caught the infection. He had been a stout, healthy, handsome-looking boy ; but, in a very few days, he was so changed, that his most familiar playmates could not have known him. For the fever became more and more violent, until he was swollen from head to foot ; and losing his right senses, he tossed about without being conscious of anything but pain.

All this while his faithful dog kept near him ; and when his burning hand hung down from the side of the bed, the poor animal licked it as he had been used to do ; for, though it was feverish and discoloured, he knew it was his master’s hand, and that was enough for him.

At length the patient was pronounced to be out of danger, and the widow’s heart began to leap for joy ; when the doctor, looking very grave, told her she must not be surprised if her son should never regain his sight.

This was a severe stroke, indeed, to the poor milk-woman, who, ever since the death of her husband, had looked upon Dennis as the support of her declining years ; and now she must work for him harder than ever, and to the end of her life, instead of staying quietly at home in her old age, and letting him bear the burdens for which she was gradually becoming too weak.

Many, indeed, were the sad thoughts that filled the mother’s heart as she sat by the pillow of her suffering

child, whose countenance was so disfigured, that she knew she would never again hear the women of the village talk about the Widow Wilmot's handsome boy.

He had now regained his senses, but he was almost too weak to utter any connected words, and the tidings of his total blindness had not yet been told him. The first thing he said in his natural voice was, "When will it be light, mother?"

"Never, my child, to thee!" said the widow, as the tears streamed from her eyes. But he did not exactly understand her meaning, because it was the furthest from his thoughts to suppose that he was really blind.

Time, however, convinced him of this sad truth, and then his heart became softened by the great grief that was upon him; and, when the dog he had so ill-treated in his happier days, laid his head upon his knee, he stroked its silky hair, and thought he would never willingly give pain to any living thing again.

Before Dennis Wilmot had quite recovered, his mother was obliged to leave him for the whole of one day; but first she led him about the cottage, and made him feel where everything he could want was placed, that he might the more readily find it by himself. It was a long day to poor Dennis, for the birds were singing with all the gladness of spring, and he could hear the merry voices of the boys and girls with whom he used to play, as they loitered on the village-green after being let loose from school. He thought the darkness in which he was shut up would hardly be so great if he opened the door, and stood out in the warm sunshine; so he lifted the latch, and ventured cautiously out

upon the stone step, over which he used to bound so lightly.

Dennis did not know how much his face was disfigured by the disease from which he had scarcely recovered; and, as he still wore his night-cap, it was some time before his former playfellows knew what poor little object it was that stood at Widow Wilmot's door.

At first they were afraid; and, for awhile, their sports were discontinued; but soon the most unfeeling boys began to laugh, and from laughter they proceeded to rude jokes, which they would scarcely have been guilty of, had they known that Dennis was blind.

It was with sad and bitter pain that their jokes reached the ear of the sufferer, and he was just feeling for the latch again, when the gentle hand of a little girl took hold of his, and, "Won't you come and join us, Dennis?" said she. "It is quite warm on the bank, yonder. And see, I have saved your marbles for you, all the long time that you have been ill."

"I cannot play now, Martha," said Dennis: "I am blind. I shall never play again."

The last words were rendered almost inarticulate by his struggling sobs; and, as the kind little girl could not answer him for her tears, he crept silently into the house, and closed the door upon the fresh glad light of day, and the merry voices of those who thought neither of pain, nor grief, nor darkness.

Lonely and sad, Dennis Wilmot sat down and cried, feeling as if nobody's sorrows were so great as his own: when the low moaning voice of his dog, who seemed to know that he was in trouble, reminded him that there

was one friend, beside his mother, to whom he was still as dear as ever.

"You will not laugh at me, will you, my good fellow?" said he, stroking his long soft ears, and inwardly resolving that he would never tease such a kind, compassionate friend again.

It not unfrequently happens that illness and sorrow are made the means of improving the human heart: and now that Dennis Wilmot was humble and weak, and deprived of his usual amusements—especially now that he could not go to work in the way his mother had so often wished when he was in health—he began to long to do something; and to feel the idleness he had liked so well, when it was a matter of choice, exceedingly irksome. Indeed, he so often begged and entreated that his mother would put him into some way of employment, that at last she spoke to the clergyman of the parish, who became so much interested in the situation of the poor boy, that, by the assistance of some rich and influential friends, he obtained a place in a blind-school.

It was at first a great trial for the widow and her son to part, for, in proportion as he had withdrawn himself from his former companions, his affections had clung to his mother; and his blindness made him so dependent, that he thought no one else could be so kind to him. All that he asked of her, however, was that she would take care of his dog, and on no account to part with him until his return; a request which she willingly complied with: for, when her son was gone, it was a consolation to the desolate mother to have

always near her the companion who had loved him so well.

Dennis Wilmot's chief employment at school was basket-making, which he learned so readily, that before the first year of his stay was over he began to think it possible he might make a trade of it, and thus earn money enough for his own maintenance. The second year made him still more perfect, and he returned home a cheerful, industrious, kind-hearted boy, having gained far more in temper and disposition, than he had lost in beauty, or even in the power to see and move about like other people.

Time had made a great alteration in the Widow Wilmot, during the absence of her son. This, however, his blindness prevented him from seeing, but sometimes he thought her voice was feeble; and when she complained of weariness he said nothing, but worked harder and harder.

"It is of no use," his mother would often say to him, "sitting so closely at those baskets; you had better go out and saunter in the fresh air, for we shall never be able to sell them."

Dennis, however, was not quite so sure of that, for he had a scheme of his own for getting rid of them, which no one else knew anything about; and, one day when his mother was out, and he had got a great many baskets ready for sale, he proposed to put his scheme in execution, with the pleasure we always feel in doing what we hope will turn out well, and surprise those we love. In the first place, he tied a string to the collar of his dog, for on his help his success depended; and

then, fastening as many baskets as he could carry to his head and arms, he locked the door, and placed the key in the hiding-place, which he and his mother always used, when either of them left home in the absence of the other.

He was so covered with baskets, that most people in the village, who saw him pass, thought he was some strange boy, and, therefore, few remarks reached his ear; besides which, he chose a path behind the houses, which had become more familiar to him since it had been his wish to escape notice; for, though he had lost a great deal of his former pride, he did not quite like to be seen groping his way with a stick, and sometimes stumbling over stones and bushes. With this path, too, the dog was well acquainted: for, during his master's absence at the blind-school, he had always gone with the widow to carry milk to the neighbouring town; and, therefore, he not only knew the way, but the houses at which she was accustomed to call.

This was a great help to Dennis, for no sooner had he offered his baskets at the first house, which he knew perfectly well, than the dog trudged on to the next, and so on; until, by telling his mother's customers that he was the son of the milk-woman, and blind, Dennis was enabled to dispose of a great many of his baskets, which some of the kind people bought because they were neatly made and strong, and some because they pitied him.

It was then with a glad heart that Dennis followed his dog home, at the close of the day, with only a few of his baskets hanging on his arm, and some well-earned

shillings in his pocket. He was almost as happy, he thought, as in the days when he could see; and it is very probable he was a great deal happier: for, instead of being idle and cruel, as he was then, he felt nothing but contentment and good-will, and often stopped to speak kindly to his dog, and to make him understand, if he could, that he felt grateful for his help, and for his faithful love.

“And this is the dog,” said he, “that I used to treat so cruelly; while neither unkindness, nor illness, nor sorrow, could make him love me less. Surely, there is a lesson to be learned from the affection of this dumb animal, a lesson I hope never to forget?”

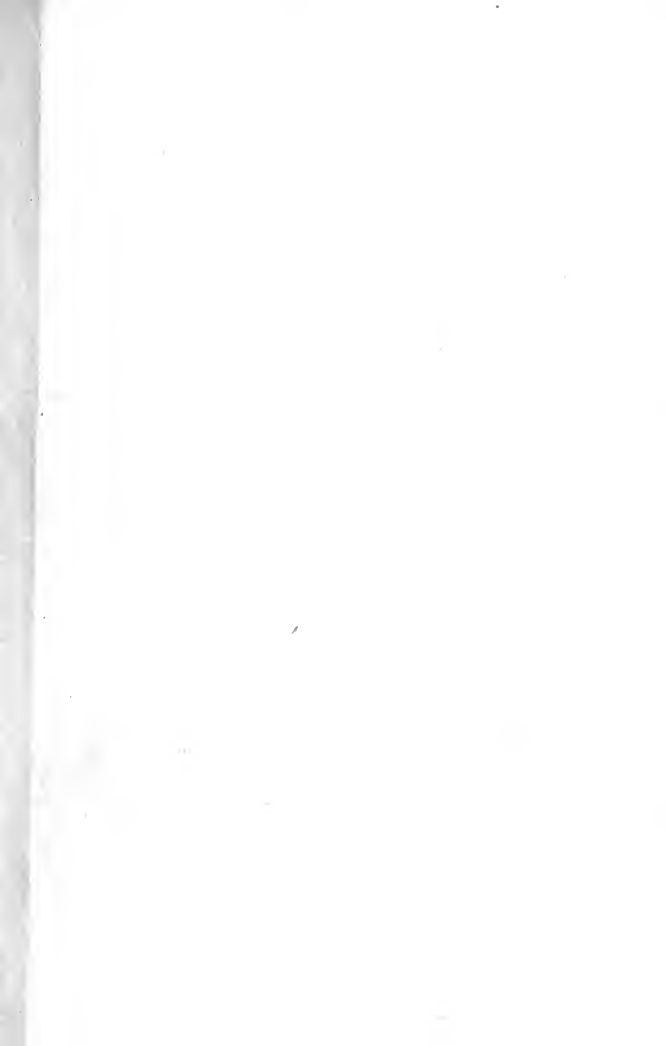
On arriving at home, Dennis Wilmot found his mother in a state of great anxiety about him, for they had not happened to meet, as he had expected, in their morning's walk; but she was soon comforted with the good tidings he brought; and with the agreeable reflection that she had now a son more worthy of her affection, than if he had been ever so beautiful and at the same time idle and unkind.

Such was the success of Dennis in the first experiment he made in the sale of his baskets, that no sooner had he prepared a second supply, than he sallied forth again; and this time ventured further, and sold more, and, consequently, returned home with still greater satisfaction than before.

Time now passed swiftly to the blind basket-maker, for every hour was filled with occupation, and filled usefully. His mother's health and strength failed rapidly; but his heart was not cast down, for, instead of being

dependent upon her exertions, he could assist to maintain her; and often, as he went cheerfully over the fields to the neighbouring town, and even to other towns, at a greater distance from his native village, with no companion but his faithful dog, he reflected with heartfelt gratitude, upon the goodness of Providence in having made so many things conducive to the comfort and convenience of man; and upon the duty we owe to the gracious Being, whose power is so great, that he can at any time deprive us of all we possess or enjoy, whose mercy is so unbounded, that he seldom takes away one means of happiness without amply remunerating us with another.







*The Monkey*

## The Pet Lizard.

THE iguana, a large kind of lizard, is common in Brazil. "In one of my rides towards Canto Gallo," says Mr. Fletcher, "I saw in the road the large lizard called the iguana. There is nothing to me disgusting in this clean-looking reptile, whose skin, composed of bright, small scales, resembles the finest bead-work. I had often seen them at Rio, spitted and hawked about the city; for the flesh is esteemed a great delicacy—resembling in its appearance and taste that *bonne bouche* for epicures, a frog's hind leg. The usual pictures of the iguana do not render it full justice; they represent it as horrid in its appearance, as the imaginary baleful-breathed javelin-tongued dragon, from which good St. George is said to have delivered so many devoted virgins. The iguana is from three to five feet in length, and is oviparous. A lady member of my family possessed one which was a great favourite, and she has kindly furnished me with some notes on her pet. I insert them verbatim:

"Pedro (the iguana) afforded me much amusement. From his close resemblance to the snake tribe, it was difficult for strangers to rid their minds of the impression that he was venomous. Such is not the case with iguanas. Their only means of defence is their very powerful tail, and a sportsman told me that he has had

a dog's ribs laid bare by a stroke of an iguana's tail. My poor pet, however, was not warlike, having been long in captivity. He was given me as a 'Christmas Box' by a friend, and soon became tame enough to go at liberty. He was about three feet long, and subsisted upon raw meat, milk, and bananas. He had a basket in my room, and when he felt the weather cool would take refuge between the mattresses of my bed. There, in the morning, he would be found in all possible comfort. One evening we missed him from all his usual hiding-places, and reluctantly made up our minds that he was lost; but, on rising in the morning, two inches of his tail hanging out of the pillow-case told where he had passed a snug night! My little Spanish poodle and he were sworn foes. The moment Chico made his appearance, he would dash forward to bite Pedro; but Chico thought with many others that the 'better part of valour is discretion.' So he made off from the iguana as fast as his funny legs could carry him. Then Pedro waddled slowly back to the sunny spot on the floor and closed his eyes for a nap. When the winter (a winter like the latter part of a northern May) began, he became nearly torpid, and remained without eating for four months. He would now and then sun himself, but soon return to his blanket.

"I frequently took him out on my arm, and he was often specially invited; but I cannot say that he was much caressed. It was in vain that I expatiated on his beautiful bead-like spots of black and white, on his bright jewel eyes and elegant claws. They admired, but kept their distance. I had a sort of malicious

pleasure in putting him suddenly down at the feet of the stronger sex, and I have seen him elicit from naval officers more symptoms of terror than would have been drawn by an enemy's broadside or a lee shore. But alas for the 'duration of lovely things!' During the summer months he felt his old forest spirit strong within him, and he often sallied forth in the beautiful paths of the Gloria. On one of these occasions he met a marauding Frenchman. Pedro, the caressed by me and the feared by others, knew no terror. The ruffian struck him to the earth. It was in vain that a little daughter of Consul B—— tried to save him by crying, 'Il est à Madame;' another blow fractured his skull! My servant ran up only in time to save his body from an ignominious stew-pan; but life was extinct. The assassin fled, and Rose came back with my poor pet's corpse. On my return he was presented to view with his long-forked tongue depending from his mouth. He was sent, wrapped in black crape, to a neighbour who delighted in fricassed lizard, but who, having seen him petted and caressed, could not find appetite to eat him!

"Thus ended the career of poor Pedro, after a life of pleasant captivity; and perhaps it might be said of him, as of many others, 'He was more feared than loved!'"

## The Pet Tiger.

THE fakirs of India, a set of dirty heathen priests, who are in the habit of going about begging, often lead about with them tame tigers and leopards; but they are dangerous pets. I remember hearing a story of a gentleman who reared a tame tiger in India, and who, by doing so, nearly lost his life. He was sitting one evening outside his bungalow reading, with his pet couched down beside him. One hand hung by his side, while the other held his book. Being closely engaged with his studies, he scarcely observed that the animal had begun to lick his disengaged hand, until he heard a low growl, and looking down, he saw his hand covered with blood. Instantly he knew that the fatal instinct had awoke, and not having any weapon, he felt himself in a very dangerous predicament. If he withdrew his hand his *pet* would that moment spring. Most providentially he observed his servant at a little distance, and calling to him, he told him to go into the house, fetch a loaded gun, and shoot the tiger dead on the spot. He then sat quite still, allowing it to growl and lick his blood at his pleasure; but you may feel sure the moments seemed very long. At length the servant made his appearance, approached very stealthily not to disturb the animal, took a steady aim, and shot him through the heart.

## The Cat's Pabo.

AN ape and cat, in roguery and fun

Sworn brothers twain, both owned a common master ;  
Whatever mischief in the house was done

By Pug and Tom contrived was each disaster.  
The feat performed, in chimney corner snug,  
With face demure, sat cunning Tom and Pug.

By Tom were mice and rats but rarely taken ;

A duck or chicken better met their wishes ;  
More than the rats, Tom gnawed the cheese and bacon,  
'Twas Pug's delight to break the china dishes ;  
And on the choicest viands oft a guttler,  
Still made it seem the footman or the butler.

One winter's day was seen this hopeful pair,

Close to the kitchen-fire, as usual, posted ;  
Among the red-hot coals the cook, with care,  
Had placed some nice plump chestnuts to be roasted,  
From whence in smoke, a pungent odour rose,  
Whose oily fragrance struck the monkey's nose.

"Tom!" says sly Pug, "pray could not you and I  
Share this dessert the cook is pleased to cater !  
Had I such claws as yours, I'd quickly try ;  
Lend me a hand—'twill be a *coup de maitre*."

So said, he seized his colleague's ready paw,  
Pulled out the fruit, and crammed it in his jaw.

Now came the shining priestess of the fane,  
And off in haste the two marauders scampered,  
Tom, for his share of plunder, had the pain ;  
Whilst Pug his palate with the dainties pampered,  
Pug had the prize ; Tom gained, at least, the learning,  
That Pug loved nuts, and gave his friend the burning.

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#### FRANKLIN TURNING THE GRIND-STONE.

WHEN I was a little boy, says Dr. Franklin, I remember one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grind-stone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he ; "will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow,"  
"O yes, sir," I answered ; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water."

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle-ful.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply ; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen ; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"



Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you have played the truant; run to school or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grind-stone this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sunk deep into my mind; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out, good people; that fellow would set you turning grind-stones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grind-stone for a booby.

## My Dog Quail.

QUAIL was a model of canine beauty. She was a brown water-spaniel, of that kind distinguished for its almost amphibious nature and its extraordinary sagacity. She was about four feet long, and stood nearly three in height: her hair was dark auburn, and curled on different parts with a crisp and graceful wave. On her neck, back, sides, ears, and tail, it was brown; but her bosom was of a snowy whiteness. Her head was beautifully formed, with several intellectual organs, as a phrenologist would say, finely developed. Her eye was hazel, generally mild, and rather pensive; but when excited with sport, had a sparkle of great vivacity. It was, however, when spoken to and receiving any directions, that it was particularly animated. She then inclined her head a little on one side, and looked at you with such inquiring sagacity, that it was impossible to suppose the creature you were addressing was not endowed with as much intelligence as yourself. Her ears were large and deeply curled, forming graceful tresses round her face, which many females might have envied; and her cheeks, though they partook of the colour of her bosom, were yet diversified with beautiful spots, so as to resemble a thrush's breast. The person of Quail was never soiled, and always looked fresh; but after bathing in the water, of which she was very fond,

and then being thoroughly dry, there was a purity and glossiness in the waving curls of her white and auburn hair, though a comb never touched it, that I have not seen in the most carefully washed and dressed lap-dog.

Great pains had been bestowed on Quail's education; she was instructed by me and my brothers in everything we supposed her capable of learning. These she acquired with extraordinary readiness, and very little severity. But the accomplishments thus taught her, numerous as they were, bore no proportion to those which natural intelligence conferred upon her without instruction. When young, the first preparatory step was, to make her perfect in fetching and carrying whatever she was sent for, both in and out of the water, till both elements were alike to her; and this seemed the foundation of everything else. She soon learned to distinguish what belonged to every person and to every part of the person: if I lost a glove I showed my hand to Quail, and she set out on a quest, searched every place in and near the house, and almost always succeeded in finding it. This she soon improved into finding, of herself, whatever was dropped, and conveying it to us. Many a pocket-handkerchief was saved in this way, which we never thought of sending Quail in search of.

If I met, out of doors, a companion who asked me to walk, and I did not wish to lose time by returning for my hat, I had only to touch my head to Quail, and go on. Our hats lay on the hall table, and Quail never failed to return to the house, select mine from the rest, and holding it carefully out of the dirt, as she had been taught, bring it to me to a considerable distance. When

sent back on such occasions she sometimes found the door shut, and could not get in ; having tried in vain to obtain entrance by scratching, she then adopted another method : there was no rapper to the back door, and the persons knocking generally thumped with their fist : this Quail of her own sagacity learned to imitate with her tail ; she turned her side, wagged it against the door, and produced a sound which never failed to bring the people to open it, as if for some human being.

Her capability of finding lost things was very useful to us. On one occasion, I remember, I went out to shoot Rails, and having fired at a bird, I prepared to charge again, but could not find my powder-horn. This loss Quail soon comprehended, and instantly set back in search of it. My way had been through several meadows and fields, and across roads and ditches, since I had last used it : through all these she retraced my footsteps, frequently questing through the intricate crossings I had made several times over the same fields, and so unravelling the whole distance I had gone for several miles, at length found the powder-horn, and returned to me with it, after an absence of nearly an hour.

This faculty of recognising and carrying away things that had been touched by us, was used for a bad purpose, and severely compromised her character. There was an old woman who sold apples and oranges at the corner of the next street. We had a servant boy who often set his eyes on them. One day he took up an orange, and asked the price of it ; but thinking it too dear, the old woman snatched it out of his hand and bid

him go home. This was observed by Quail; and when he returned she immediately ran back, snapped up the orange, and brought it to him in triumph. When this quality was discovered, it was soon put into requisition; and all the fruit women in the town were laid under contribution. The appearance of Quail in the market put every one on the alert; and many a severe blow she received in doing as she was bid. She at last, however, became so sagacious that she stole quietly behind the stall, watching her opportunity, and carried off the fruit without being perceived. When we found it out, we severely prohibited the practice. Her talent in carrying things in this way was sometimes useful to the servants. We had a very old woman who was fond of snuff, but not able to go for it herself. The boy was not always willing, and he taught Quail to be his substitute. When her box was empty he put a halfpenny into it, and gave it to Quail, who forthwith carried it in her mouth to the snuff-shop; and then, rising up to the counter with her fore-legs, she shook her head and rattled the halfpenny in the box. This was soon understood by the shopman, who took the money and filled the box, which Quail brought safely back to our old woman.

Within doors her utility and sagacity were equally in requisition. We sat, in the winter time, in a large parlour, reading round the fire, with Quail between the legs of one of us, her head resting on our knees, and waiting for orders, either to ring the bell or shut the door, as occasion might require. On this latter duty she was often sent, as it was usually left open by who-

ever came in, and the room was sometimes very cold. Her method was to lift up her right fore-paw (for she had actually a human preference for the use of the right hand), and push the door forward till the lock clicked. On one occasion she could not move the door; and after sundry efforts she returned, whining in that peculiar way by which she expressed embarrassment. It appeared that the room was smoking, and the servant had opened the door to let the smoke out, and placed a smoothing-iron against it to keep it so. Quail pondered for some time on the case, with her head on one side, when, as if the cause suddenly struck her, she ran at the smoothing-iron, and having dragged it away, she pushed with both her feet against the door, shut it, and returned to us rejoicing, with the same feelings, no doubt, as the philosopher, when he discovered the mathematical problem. We often placed similar obstructions there, but Quail was never again embarrassed to find out the cause; she always, however, barked at it, and shook it after she had removed it, as if to express her displeasure for the trouble it gave her.

When she found anything that was mislaid she was rewarded, and she was not long in applying this to profit. If a knife or spoon was dropped at dinner, she always took it up and presented it to the person next to it. When this did not happen, and she waited in vain, she proceeded to the sideboard, where knives were laid, with the handles sometimes projecting over the edge. Here she waited her opportunity, and when no one was observing, sily drew a knife forward, then let it fall with a noise, took it up, and proceeded to the

next person and claimed her reward. It would be endless to mention all the instances in which she improved, by her natural sagacity, everything she had been mechanically taught; and there were always such traces of reasoning on cause and effect, that it was almost impossible to suppose she was not gifted, to a certain extent, with the human faculty of arguing cases in her own mind and drawing conclusions.

Her power of distinguishing persons was also very great, and decided by means very different from the mere instinct of smell. A circumstance of this kind occurred, which highly gratified an eminent and very sensible artist. Of all the inmates of our family, Quail was most attached to my mother, who returned her good-will, and was very kind to her. She had sat for her picture, and afterwards gone on a visit to a friend for a short time; and Quail seemed very uneasy at her absence. The picture, which was a strong likeness, was sent home; and before it was hung up, it stood on the sofa where my mother was used to sit. I could not account one day for the boisterous joy of Quail in the dining-room; but on looking in I saw that she had recognised the picture, and was wagging her tail and frisking about, as she always did to express her joy, frequently looking up and licking the face—a mark of affection she tried to pay to those she was fond of. When the picture was hung up, she never failed to notice it when she entered the room, and lay for some time before it on the carpet, gazing at it intently; and this practice she continued till my mother's return, and the original quite absorbed her attention from the

representation. The ingenious artist who drew it frequently declared, that he considered this recognition the highest compliment that could be paid him, and he preferred it to the most elaborate eulogy of a connoisseur.

Though the gentlest being in the world, and rather of a pensive character, Quail had a turn for humour, and really seemed to enjoy anything droll. There was an old gentleman who had been an apothecary, but had retired from business, and his sole employment was pompously walking up and down, with his hands behind his back, swaggering a gold-headed cane, which he was very fond of displaying. Quail used to eye this cane, and in passing, frequently took it in her mouth as if she wished to pull it out of his hand. One day this propensity seemed irresistible; the idle boys were in the habit of plucking at it as he passed by, and she determined to follow their example; so she suddenly twitched it out of his hand, and ran away with it. When the old gentleman turned round, and saw the dog dragging his gold-headed cane battering along the pavement, he could not contain his rage; he followed her, calling out and scolding her; but when he came near, she again ran on, and seemed actually to enjoy the fun with the bystanders, who were laughing and shouting at the oddity of the circumstance. She at length brought the cane again to the old gentleman, holding it up to him, and wagging her tail as if she meant no harm. This, however, did not disarm his rage; for he never afterwards met her that he did not endeavour to beat her with the injured cane.



Quail was always our constant companion, wherever we went; and though alone, we never felt so when she was with us. She was a model of kindness and good temper: she was never known to quarrel with any animal, either of her own or our species, but seemed to love everything, quadruped or biped; even our irritable fox-cat, that could agree with no one else, never quarrelled with Quail, but often made a pillow of her side to lie on. She was never heard to growl, and seldom to bark, and that only to express her joy on recognising some person, either man or dog, of her acquaintance; and she was so gentle, that she never gnawed or injured anything she took in her mouth to carry. She would fetch an egg from any distance without breaking it, and even meat or bread, which she would not presume to eat, unless she got leave. Of living things she was particularly tender. Hunting ducks in ponds was an amusement of which we were too fond. When other dogs overtook the bird, they generally killed and always gnawed it; but Quail took it by the feathers with great tenderness, and laid it at our feet, without doing it the smallest injury.

Infirmity at length stole upon poor Quail, and she died at an early age, like one of those extraordinary human geniuses, whose frames are delicate in proportion as their mental faculties are acute. We all regretted the loss of an affectionate friend, whom we considered almost as one of ourselves, and who had endeared herself to us by so many fine and amiable qualities. I send you this account as an epitaph on her memory.

## The Pet Wolf.

“ I REMEMBER,” says Professor Bell, in his ‘ History of Quadrupeds,’ I remember a wolf at the Zoological Gardens which would always come to be carressed as soon as I or any other person approached. She had pups, and used to bring them in her mouth to be also noticed, and so eager in fact was she that her little ones should share with her in the notice of her friends, that she killed all of them in succession by rubbing them against the bars of her den as she brought them forward to be fondled. But Mr. Frederic Cuvier relates a more extraordinary instance of affection as well as of recognition which would do credit to the most esteemed and fostered of the canine race. The individual in question was brought up as a young dog, became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing, and in particular followed his master everywhere, evincing evident chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice and showing a degree of submission scarcely differing in any respect from that of the most thoroughly domesticated dog. His master being obliged to be absent some time, presented his pet to the Menagerie du Roi, where the animal, confined in a den, continued disconsolate, and would scarcely take his food. At length, however, his health returned, he became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten all his former affection, when after eighteen

months his master returned. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, who had not perceived him among the crowd, recognised him, exhibited the most lively joy, and being set at liberty, lavished on his old friend the most affectionate caresses, as the most attached dog would have done. After an absence of a few days, a second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow, which, however, again yielded to time. Three years had passed, and the wolf was living happily with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again returned, and again the long-lost but still remembered voice was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, which were redoubled as soon as the poor fellow was set at liberty, when rushing to his master he threw his fore feet on his shoulders, licking his face with every mark of the most lively joy, and menacing his keepers, who offered to remove him, and towards whom, not a moment before, he had been showing every mark of fondness. A third separation, however, seemed to be too much for this faithful animal's temper, he became gloomy, desponding, refused his food, and for a long time his life appeared to be in great danger; his health, however, returned, but he no longer suffered the caresses of any but his keepers, and towards strangers manifested the original savageness of his species.

## The Net Fox.

A. S. MOFFAT, Esq., relates that he became possessed of a fox, which for several days at first was very discontented with its new situation, and kept almost constantly calling out in a sort of quick yelping bark. He says :—It, however, lapped milk readily, and soon became reconciled, and so tame, that until it was twelve months old, it had its liberty about the dwelling-house the same as a dog, which in many points of character it closely resembled. When more than half-grown it used to follow me about the garden, and village, and frequently made little excursions amongst the cottages by itself, popping into the houses to investigate their larders to the no small terror of the old women, who regarded it with as much admiration as a Yankee regards the skunk ; and frequently have I seen them, to my no small amusement, endeavouring in vain to drive him out with a broom ; but Reynard, not to be ousted in this manner, would contrive, somehow or other, still to pop past them with the most impudent effrontery imaginable, and not leave the house, in spite of every friendly invective, until it suited himself. At this period of its life it did not seem to evince that extreme distrust towards strangers which was so strongly marked when it arrived fully at maturity, nor did it seem ever to desire at that time to resume its native

habits, while its affection for all the members of our family seemed to be even stronger than is generally witnessed in dogs. Every night, while it remained as an inmate of the dwelling-house, it slept upon a mat at the foot of the staircase in the passage; and as each member of the family came down in the morning it used to meet them half way, and express its joy by leaping against them, and uttering a sort of hoarse scream, much after the manner of an affectionate dog, and fanning its tail in the same way; only the expression of its satisfaction seemed more extravagant. When nearly full-grown Reynard's natural predilection for poultry manifested itself one day, in its being met by the servant carrying in his mouth a turkey hen which he had abstracted from her nest in the yard, for which act of felony he was ever afterwards confined by a chain in a grass area behind the house, with a dog coop for shelter. This house made by man he very seldom inhabited, and preferred a hole of his own digging which he generally lay in. His confidence and affection for every member of our own family was never in the least impaired by this confinement, but his disposition towards strangers was much altered; he seemed now so distrustful and suspicious of any one with whom he was not acquainted, that his eye was never for a moment removed from them so long as they were in sight; he watched them with the most intense attention, and on their approach ran into his hole, from which it required great force to drag him.

On the other hand, if any of ourselves went towards him, he would try to meet us at the stretch of his chain,

so as almost to strangle himself, uttering at the same time, a peculiar hoarse scream indicative of satisfaction, which was the only vocal sound I ever heard him use. I have even seen him leave his meal to welcome my youngest sister, who was an especial favourite; and what was most singular in an animal naturally so wild, he would allow me to open his mouth, place my fingers in it, even extending to the throat, as often as I pleased, without once attempting to bite. I could also, at any time, take him up in my arms, liberties I should not like to take even with my quietest dog.

## The Savoyards and their Camel and Monkey.

"LOUISE!—Cousin!" cried Emma Lighton, "here, my love; come and see!—a troop of Savoyards, with a grinding organ; two well dressed dogs, a sagacious monkey, and a magnificent camel."

"How can you bear to look at that great ugly beast?" replied little Louise Frampton; "for my part, I hate monkeys, and marmotts, and dromedaries, and above all those miserable half-starved looking Savoyards."

"Indeed! then do you know, Louise, I think it very unamiable to hate anything. Have you not read in the Bible, that when God surveyed all his works, after he created the world, he saw that they were very good. And do you think that *you*, a little girl of ten years old, ought to find fault with what GOD declared to be not only 'good,' but '*very good*?'"

"Well, that may be, Emma; but *you* hate monkeys."

"No, my dear, I do not *hate* them; I *dislike* them: but I dislike still more *human monkeys*."

"Human monkeys, Emma! what *do* you mean?"

"I mean that you, my love, are a little monkey yourself sometimes. The other day you lisped from morning till night, because Lady Olivia Mowbray lisped; and your poor head is burnt in twenty places, because, to

please you, your maid was silly enough to take you to Monsieur Le Compte, the French *friseur*, who dressed Lady Olivia's hair. Now, a monkey imitates the actions of men, without being able to assign any reason for doing so. God has not thought proper to give him the power of reasoning. You have the power, and yet you do not exercise it; for there is no *reason* why you should imitate the faults of Lady Olivia, merely because she is the daughter of an earl. A *fault* remains the same whether committed by a peer or a peasant. You see, love, you are worse than poor pug."

"Well, Emma, you are very severe this morning;—but I wonder what use that ugly camel can be, with its humpy back, and its great long legs?"

"The camel, my love, in its native land, is an invaluable blessing, and is shown here as a curiosity. It comes from Arabia; which, I believe you know, is the driest country in the world; and it is the least thirsty of all animals. You have heard of the sandy deserts of Arabia. Observe the feet of that animal, they are formed to travel in sand; and, poor thing, it can hardly stand on our damp slippery ground. Arabia is not adorned with green and beautiful plants; and the camel is content with any dry food that his master gives him. The Arab regards the camel as a blessing from heaven, without whose aid he could neither live nor travel; and they are often more grateful to God for this *one* blessing, than we are for the many which surround us. The milk of that animal is so very thick and nourishing, that it forms the principal food of an Arab family when converted into cheese; and the hair, which is



fine, soft, and renewed every year, serves them to make stuffs for their clothing. Fancy, love, a country without verdure, without water, a burning sun, a sky always clear, plains covered with sand, and harsh rocky mountains, which yield no shelter; plain succeeding mountain, and mountain following plain, without tree, flower, or anything to remind you of living nature; and yet owing entirely to that useful animal, that you but now despised, thousands of your fellow-creatures are enabled to make such a desert as I have described a place of safety and repose. Do you hate the camel now, love?"

"No," said Louise; "but I wish it were not so ugly;—what nasty scars it has on its knees."

"*Nasty* is a very disagreeable word in the mouth of a young lady; but the camel does not come into the world with those scars. They become marked in this manner in consequence of their frequently kneeling to enable their masters to get upon their backs.

"But you cannot object, my love, I am sure," continued Emma, "to those cunning looking dogs; what a pity it is to dress them up in that ridiculous manner; their own pretty coats are much more becoming than anything we can make for them."

"Oh," replied Louise, "I love pretty dogs, like Seraph and Fussy; but great, great dogs, such as Jubal and Grampus, are very disagreeable."

"Do you remember, Louise, when we were at Worthing last summer?"

"Oh, yes. I know you are going to tell me that Grampus, when Cousin James was nearly drowned,

rushed into the water and brought him safely to the shore."

"Exactly. Now you know that Grampus was the means of saving the life of James; and you know that Seraph and Fussy are fat, indolent, lazy, little rolypolies, who do nothing all day long but sleep and eat, and sleep and eat again. Even if they had the inclination, they have not the power, to be useful. Jubal is quite as valuable as Grampus; and as you admire rank and ancient families," continued Emma, smiling, "Jubal is entitled to your highest respect; for he is a shepherd's dog, the original stock from which all the family of dogs are descended; pay him therefore proper homage, as Jubal is the lineal descendant of an ancient family. This species of dog is entitled to very great consideration; he does not disgrace the nobility of his origin. And when I was in Scotland I was greatly delighted with the good sense and good-feeling of one of those dogs, whose name was Shag.—A poor shepherd was employed by a kind Highland farmer to take care of his flock; and the shepherd had one son, beloved by everybody; he was so dutiful to his parents, so meek, and, although but ten years old, so steady, that his father could trust him with his faithful Shag to guard the flock winter and summer. If a lamb strayed from the fold, the moment Halbert told Shag, the animal looked up in his face, licked his hand, and trotted off to look for it, smelling the ground in every quarter to ascertain the direction it might be in; and when he found the object of his search, the tenderness and care with which he guided its weak and trembling steps

deserved and received the highest commendation. If the tender creature was too weak to walk, Shag invariably returned, and, by jumping, barking, and pulling his master's coat, made him understand where the lost one was.

“One Saturday evening Halbert's mother was taken very ill; the cottage they lived in was far even from the mountain path. The snow fell in large heavy flakes; and Malcolm (that was the shepherd's name) took down his long pole with the intention of setting out to the village to procure some medicine for his wife. ‘Father,’ said little Halbert, ‘I know the sheep-path, through the dark glen, better than you; and with Shag, who will walk before me, I am quite safe; let me go for the doctor, and do you stay and comfort my mother.’ Malcolm consented. Halbert had been accustomed to the mountains from his earliest infancy; and Shag set out with his young master, wagging his short tail, and making many strange jumps and grimaces, which the genteel Miss Seraph, and the dandified Master Fuss, would, I fear, consider very ill bred. They went safely on,—Halbert arrived at the village—saw the doctor—received some medicine for his mother, and an assurance that the next morning he would be up the glen, and then commenced his return (although the night was piercing cold, and the snow continued falling) with a cheerful joyful heart, for he carried relief to his suffering parent.

“Shag went on before to ascertain that all was right;—suddenly, however, he stopped, and began snuffing and smelling about. ‘Go on, Shag,’ said Halbert.

Shag would not stir.—‘Shag, go on, sir,’ repeated the boy; ‘we are nearly at the top of the mountains; look, through the night you can see the candle glimmer in our own window.’ Shag appeared obstinate for the first time in his life; he would neither go backward nor forward; and at last Halbert advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had proceeded but a few steps when he suddenly fell over a precipice many feet deep, which had been concealed by a snow wreath, and which the young shepherd had no idea he was so near.

“Malcolm repeatedly snuffed the little candle which he had affectionately placed so as to throw light over his boy’s path—replenished the fire—and spoke to his wife that comfort in which his own anxious heart could not participate. Often did he go to the door, but no footstep sounded on the crackling ice; no figure darkened the wide waste of snow.

“‘Perhaps the doctor is not at home, and he is waiting for him,’ said his poor mother. She felt so uneasy at her child’s absence, that she ceased almost to feel the pain which a little before she could hardly bear. It was nearly midnight, when Malcolm heard the well-known bark of the faithful Shag. ‘My son! my son!’ cried both parents at the same moment. The cottage door opened, and Shag entered without his master. ‘My brave boy has perished in the snow!’ exclaimed the mother; at the same moment the father saw a small packet round the dog’s neck, who was lying panting on the floor. ‘Our boy lives, Janet,’ said the shepherd; ‘here is the medicine tied with his handker-

chief: he has fallen into some of the pits; but I know he is safe. Trust in God, Janet! I will go out, and Shag will conduct me safely to the rescue of my child.' In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and testified the most unbounded joy as they both issued from the cottage. Even you, my little Louise, can imagine the misery and grief poor Janet suffered—alone in her mountain dwelling—the snow and the wind beating round her solitary cot—the certainty of her son's danger, and the fear lest her husband also might perish. She felt that both their lives depended on the sagacity of a poor dog; but she knew that God could guide the dumb creature's steps to the saving of both; and, while the large tears chased each other down her pale cold cheeks, she clasped her hands and fervently prayed that God would not desert her in the most severe trial she had ever met. Shag went on straight and steadily for some yards, and then suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the black crag, as the place was called over which poor Halbert had fallen; the descent was steep and dangerous, and Malcolm was frequently obliged to support himself by the frozen branches of the trees; providentially, however, it had ceased snowing, and the clouds were drifting fast from the moon, which appeared more pale and cold than usual. Her light was, however, most useful; and Malcolm soon stood at the lower and opposite edge of the pit, into which his son had fallen;—he hallooed—he strained his eyes, but could not see or hear anything. Shag was making his way down an almost perpendicular height, and Malcolm resolved at all hazard to follow

him. After getting to the bottom, Shag scrambled to a projecting ledge of rock, which was nearly bedded in snow, and commenced whining and scratching in a violent manner. Malcolm still followed, and, after some search, found what appeared the dead body of his darling child. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and wrapping Halbert in his plaid, strapped him across his shoulders, and prepared to reascend; but the moon became again obscured, and a thick bitter sleet drifted in his face; he began to feel the numbing influence of cold and fatigue, when it occurred to him that if he tied his neckerchief round Shag's neck, the dog would lead him safely; nor was he deceived. With the most astonishing precaution the animal conducted his master to his cottage door.

Halbert was placed in his mother's bed; and by using great exertion they aroused him from his dangerous sleep. He was much bruised, and his ankle dislocated; but he had no other hurt: and when he recovered his senses, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were, "Thank God!—but did you get the medicine, mother?"

"When Halbert knew that Shag had descended after him, the affectionate boy used what little strength he had left to tie what he had received from the doctor round his neck, and directed him home with it. You have heard how well and how carefully he executed his young master's orders."

"Did you ever see this good Shag, Emma?" asked Louise.

"Yes," replied Emma; "he is old and gray; but he toddles about after his master, who is now one of the most handsome and trusty shepherds among the bonny highlands of that good country, Scotland."

"Oh, I should have loved that dear dog!" said Louise.

"And yet, Louise," replied Emma, "great dogs are very disagreeable."

"I will not say so again," said the little girl. "I am too hasty; hereafter I will try to love every living thing."

"But see, the Savoyard and his troop are going to exhibit somewhere else. Listen to their parting song: they sing it in Patois; which, you know, means provincial French."

Aux montagnes de la Savoie  
 Je naquis de pauvres parens;  
 Voilà qu'à Paris l'on m'envoie,  
 Car nous étions beaucoup d'enfans.  
 Je n'apportai, hélas? en France  
 Que mes chansons, quinze ans,  
 Ma vieille, et l'espérance,  
 Et l'espérance, et l'espérance.\*

The grateful camel has knelt down to thank those who have contributed to his supper; the dogs and

\* Far from the mountains of Savoy,  
 Where I was born, of parents poor,  
 They sent to other lands their boy,  
 For they had many children more.  
 And now to me, in France, belong  
 Only my fifteen years, my song,  
 My hurdy-gurdy dear, and hope,  
 And hope, and hope.

Master Pug have made very respectful bows; and the poor Savoyard—My dear little Louise, why do you hate, or rather *say* you hate, those wandering creatures, who are so peaceable, so thankful, and so faithful to their friends and country?"

"How are they faithful to their friends when they go away from them?" demanded Louise.

"They are a very poor nation, and they come over to get rich, that they may have it in their power to make their parents and aged friends comfortable when they return."

"Mary, the nurse-maid, said the other day that it was a shame for so many foreigners to come over, and take all the money away from our own poor people."

"Mary, Louise, is very kind to you; but servants, because they have not the advantage of a good education, are often narrow minded; and while you remember to treat them with kindness and civility, you must avoid conversing with them, as their general sentiments *can* do you no good, and *may* do you much harm. England possesses so much wealth, and so many advantages, that what is given in charity to the distressed of all nations cannot injure us. God has given us enough, and to spare; and I feel proud of my country when I see that its shores bid welcome to all who are unfortunate.

"Savoy is, as I told you, a very bleak mountainous country. Look on your map, and you will see that it is at the opposite side of Lausanne, and that the clear and beautiful Lac Lemman divides it from your friend Mademoiselle Viotez' dear home.



“In Paris the little Savoyards stand at the corners of the streets, and run after the ladies, crying out, *Permettez moi de décrotter vos souliers, madame; permettez moi de décrotter vos souliers!*\* and they get a *liard*† or a *sous* for their trouble. When Mademoiselle Viotez was returning to Lausanne, she remained a day or two at Paris; on the morning of her departure, before she got into the *voiture*,‡ she saw from the window a great crowd surrounding three young men who were seated on the outside. They were Savoyards returning to their native land, having made what they considered a fortune, and the people around were their countrymen and women, who assembled to bid them farewell. The young men were much affected at the scene.

“‘My friends,’ said an old man who was leaning on the arm of his daughter, a pretty black-eyed girl of about twenty years of age, ‘I shall never see the blue hills of Savoy again, I am, however, grateful and happy; for my dear little Jaqueline supports her poor father. It is now cold winter, and you must take, for the sake of your old countryman, this case of spirits; drink to our healths on your journey, and may God protect you.’

“‘Behold!’ said a little fellow, who smiled at the very moment that the tears were straying over his round cheeks—‘behold my bag; it contains all the halfpence the marmotte and I have earned since we came to Paris; take them all, all to my dear mother;

\* “Permit me to clean your shoes, madam; permit me to clean your shoes.” The streets in Paris are not flagged as they are here; so the little Savoyards are very useful.

† Farthing or halfpenny.

‡ Travelling carriage.

and tell her that I am well, and the marmotte is well, and not to sorrow, for I will return and comfort her before she is very old.'

"'Here,' said a young woman, presenting a large parcel to the eldest Savoyard, while a fine rosy child clung to her gown—'take this to the good pastor, and take great care of it; tell him my husband, whom he has never seen, blesses him for the good advice and protection he afforded me when I was a young friendless girl; and tell him that you heard our infant boy bless him too. *Dieu bénit le bon pasteur d'Evian!*' said the mother; and she lifted the infant in her arms, who, clasping his little fat hands, lisped, *Dieu bénit le bon pasteur d'Evian.*'"

"*Adieu! adieu! Vive les montagnes! Vive le Savoie!*" shouted the troop;—and the *voiture* drove off.—Madoiselle Voitez loves to dwell on the usefulness and kindness of those good and amiable young men; and when she was at Lausanne, she crossed the blue waters of *Lac Lemán*, to witness the happiness which was created by the return of the Savoyards. She saw the tears of parental love drop from the eyes of the mother of the round-faced boy, who had sent his earnings from a distant land to assist his parent; and she heard from the lips of the pastor d'Evian an account of the purity and goodness of the young woman who had taught her infant to lisp the accents of gratitude and affection. Do you hate the Savoyards now, Louise?"

Louise wept—and was silent.

## The Pet Rat.

SOME time ago the driver of a Bow and Stratford omnibus was moving some trusses of hay in his hay-loft, when, snugly coiled up in a corner, he found a little miserable looking rat, whose mamma, having carefully tucked him up in bed had gone out on a foraging expedition to find something for her darling's supper. The little fellow being of a remarkably piebald colour, excited the pity of the omnibus man, who took him up, and brought him home to his family. The little children soon took to their new pet, and named him Ikey, after their oldest brother, whose name was Isaac. The little creature soon grew up, and reciprocated the kindness he had received, by excessive tameness towards every member of the family. He was therefore allowed to roam about the house at perfect liberty. His favourite seat was inside the fender, or on the clean white hearth, but, strange to say, he would never get on it unless it was perfectly clean. On one occasion, when the good-wife was cleaning the hearth, she gave Master Rat a push; up he jumped on the hob, and finding it an agreeable resting-place, there he stayed. As the fire grew brighter and brighter, so the hob became warmer and warmer, till at last it became unpleasantly hot; but he would not move from his perch, till the hair on his legs and body became quite singed with the heat.

His master had perfect control over him, and made, for his especial benefit, a little whip, with which he taught him to sit upon his hind legs in a begging posture, jump through a whalebone hoop, drag a small cart to which he was harnessed, carry sticks, money, &c., in his mouth, and perform many other amusing tricks.

The rat perfectly understood the meaning of the whip, for whenever it was produced, and his master's countenance betrayed coming wrath, in fear and trembling he would scamper up the sides of the room or up the curtains, and perch himself on the cornice; waiting there, till a kind word from his master brought him down again, hopping about and squeaking with delight. In these gambols of mirth he would run so fast round after his tail, that it was almost impossible to distinguish what the whirling object was. At night he would exhibit another cat-like habit, for he would stretch himself out at full length before the fire on the rug, seeming to enjoy this luxurious way of warming himself. This love of warmth made him sometimes a troublesome creature, for when he found the fire going out and the room becoming cold, he would creep up into his master's bed, and try to insert his little body under the clothes. He was never allowed to remain here long, but was made to decamp as soon as his presence was discovered. He then took up his refuge in the folds of his master's clothes which were placed on a chair, and of these he was allowed to retain quiet possession till the morning. The master became so fond of his rat that he taught him at the word of com-

mand, "Come along, Ikey," to jump into his great-coat pocket in the morning, when he went out to his daily occupation, of driving the 'bus.

He did not, however, carry him all day in his pocket, but put him in the boot of his 'bus to act as guard to his dinner. But why did not the rat eat up his master's dinner? because, as said the man, "I always gives him his belly-full, when I has my own breakfast before starting." The dinner was never touched, except when it consisted of plum-pudding. This Ikey could not resist; his greediness overcame his sense of right, and he invariably devoured the plums leaving the less dainty parts of the repast for his master. The rat acted as a famous guard to the provisions, for whenever any of the idle fellows who are always seen lounging about the public-houses where the omnibuses bait, attempted to commit a theft, and run off with the bundle out of the boot, Ikey would fly out at them from under the straw, and effectually put to flight the robbers.

At night he was taken home in his master's pocket, and partook of the family supper; but if any strangers happened to be present, he was taken with a shy fit, and, in spite of his hunger, secreted himself till they had gone.

His teeth, after a time, became bad and worn out, and the children finding this out, delighted to give him a sort of hard cake made of treacle, called, in infant parlance, jumbles, or brandy-snacks. Of these Ikey in his younger days was very fond; but now, on the contrary, they gave him much trouble to masticate, and in his perseverance and rage when attacking the

said brandy-snacks caused the young folks many a hearty laugh.

This rat is, I believe, still alive and enjoys good health, though, the weight of age pressing on his hoary head, he requires many little attentions from his kind and tender-hearted protectors.

## Rosa and her Dog.

"A sacred lesson to a prouder race!"

PRATT.

"POOR ROVER! poor Rover!" said Rosa, patting his head; "will you run with me across the forest to see old nurse? 'tis but a step—but, mind me, you must not bark and disturb the game, lest the cruel game-keeper should shoot you, as he did poor Nero the other day,—and I should be so sorry!" And well she might, for Rover had been her playmate and the companion of her childhood, and had much endeared himself to the whole family, by saving one of her little brothers from drowning, when he fell out of a pleasure-boat on the lake; but to Rosa he was more particularly attached, and seldom left her side when she went abroad.

The cottage of dame Goodluck, a kind-hearted old friend, was but a short distance off, and a sudden thought entered Rosa's mind that she would step and see her, for she had great pleasure in her company and conversation, and would frequently slip away from her gay and giddy companions for that purpose. The visit being wholly unpremeditated, and tempted by the beauty of the evening, without the precaution of taking bonnet or shawl, she had rambled further than she intended, when she communed thus with her dog. Rover

wagged his fine tail, in the most cheerful manner, and you might have read in his intelligent countenance a ready assent to his young mistress's proposal. Away they both started, like the light-footed deer, and in a few minutes, disappeared in the leafy windings of the forest.

It was a lovely summer's evening; the clouds were laced with crimson and gold; but the sun was setting behind the distant hills, before our travellers reached their journey's end. Rosa paused a few minutes at the wicket to admire the trimness of the garden, the beauty of the flowers, and the abundance of fruits in the little orchard, all which denoted the taste and industry of the cultivator; nor was the interior of the dwelling less remarkable for neatness, and cleanliness, when Rosa, without ceremony, lifted the latch and stepped in. It was delightful to see the comfortable order which prevailed in every part—the precise arrangements of the newly scoured pewter dishes and porringers, which adorned the dresser-shelves:—

“The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor;  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,  
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay—  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,  
The pictures placed for ornament and use;  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day  
With whitethorn boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;  
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glittered in a row.”

Rosa was received with a hearty welcome, and some tears of joy were dropped on the occasion. Now you




must know nurse Goodluck was a widow, who had seen better days, and her chief support in her declining years was an infant school, for which she was well calculated, having the most attractive method of instructing the young, both by precept and example; for—

“Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,  
And as they first are fashioned after grow.”

In the company and conversation of the two friends, time imperceptibly passed away. The fine moon became clouded, and the rising wind whistled in the apple trees, which induced Rosa to start up and take a hasty, but affectionate leave; but instead of returning by the road she came, through the wood, she resolved to take a nearer cut homeward across the common, Rover still keeping close by her side. Under shelter of a hedgerow, by which they had to pass, it was customary for a gang of gipseys to pitch their tent, to which the ignorant and superstitious were wont to resort to have their fortunes told, but she was not aware that those vagrants were now in the neighbourhood; but just as they reached this spot, a tall, ill-looking fellow, stepped out from behind the shade of a thick brake, and laid hold of our young traveller's arm. In the utmost terror and alarm she screamed aloud, but there was no assistance at hand; Rover, however, who was ever on the alert, clearly comprehended the case, sprung forward, and seized the ruffian by the throat. Unaware of such an assailant, he roared lustily, and was glad to escape from his fangs. Fear added wings to the feet of Rosa, and she never stopped to look behind her, till

she reached her own door, when her faithful defender entered with her and laid down close by her side, apparently gratified that he had done his duty. Rosa acknowledged with tears her own indiscretion, while her faithful protector was overwhelmed with commendations and caresses.

We hope the example of Rosa and her dog will not be lost upon our young friends, that while they beware of the incaution of the one, they may learn to imitate the disinterested attachment of the other.



## The Monkey Jacko.

HE really was a pretty little fellow; his bright eyes sparkled like two diamonds from beneath his deep-set eyebrows; his teeth were of the most pearly whiteness, of which, whether through pride or a wish to intimidate, he made a formidable display on the entrance of visitors. His tail, besides being beautiful, was very useful, and with it he could cling on to the bar of the rack above the manger, and swing himself about, a perfect living pendulum. Well, too, he knew the use of it, for if a nut or apple thrown to him lodged just out of the reach of his hands or feet (for he could use the latter quite as cleverly as the former), he would run to the full length of his chain, and turn his face round to the place where it was attached, so as to get as much length as possible, stretch out this member, and pull towards him the coveted delicacy. If pursued, moreover, and the chain, dangling after him, got in his way, he would invariably coil it round the links, and carry it high over his head, by means of this most useful extremity, out of the way of his spider-like legs.

After some considerable amount of bargaining, Jacko became transferred, chain, tail, and all, to his new English master. Having arrived at the hotel it became a question as to what was to become of Jacko while his master was absent from home. A little closet,

opening into the wall of the bed-room, offered itself as a temporary prison, Jacko was tied up securely—alas! how vain are the thoughts of man! to one of the row of pegs that were fastened against the wall. As the door closed on him, his wicked eyes seemed to say, “I’ll do some mischief now,” and sure enough he did, for when I came back to release him, the walls, that but half-an-hour previously were covered with a finely ornamented paper, now stood out in the bold nakedness of lath and plaster; the relics on the floor showed that the little wretch’s fingers had by no means been idle. The pegs were all loosened, the individual peg to which his chain had been fastened torn completely from its socket, that the destroyer’s movements might not be impeded, and an unfortunate garment that happened to be hung up in the closet was torn to a thousand shreds.

It was, after Jacko’s misdeeds, quite evident that he must no longer be allowed full liberty, and a lawyer’s blue-bag was provided for him; and this receptacle, with some hay placed at the bottom for a bed, became his new abode. It was a moveable home, and therein lay the advantage, for when the strings of it were tied, there was no mode of escape. He could not get his hands through the aperture at the end to unfasten them, the bag was too strong for him to bite his way through, and his intellectual efforts to get out only had the effect of making the bag roll along the floor, and occasionally make a jump up into the air, forming an exhibition which, if advertised in the present day of wonders, as “*Le bag vivant*,” would attract crowds of delighted and admiring citizens.

In the bag aforesaid, he travelled as far as Southampton on his road to town. While taking the ticket at the railway station, Jacko, who must needs see everything that was going on, suddenly poked his head out of the bag, and gave a malicious grin at the ticket-giver. This much frightened the poor man, but with great presence of mind, quite astonishing under the circumstances, he retaliated the insult, "Sir, that's a dog; you must pay for it accordingly." In vain was the monkey made to come out of the bag to show that he was not a dog but a monkey. A dog it was in the peculiar views of the official, and three and sixpence was paid.

When Jacko arrived at his ultimate destination in England, a comfortable home was provided for him in the stall of a stable, where there was an aperture communicating with the hay-loft, so that he could either sleep at his ease in the regions above, or, descending into the manger, amuse himself by tearing to pieces everything he could get at. This stall was usually unoccupied, except by his serene monkeyship; but he was not destined to remain lord of the manor *in perpetuo*. One cold winter's evening, when the snow lay thick on the ground, the family donkey was brought up from the field, where it was endeavouring to keep itself warm by the side of a haystack, and placed in these more comfortable quarters. A plentiful supper of hay was placed before the hungry animal, which it began to devour with great eagerness. About an hour after, the groom happened to go into the stable to see that all was right. What was his great astonishment to see Jenny, without any apparent cause, pulling away at her

halter, and trying to keep her head as far away as possible from the bundle of hay, which had suddenly acquired some invisible noxious properties.

Not knowing what to make of it, the man gave the poor donkey a blow, to make it "come up," in the stable parlance. No sooner had the long ears approached the hay than the mystery was explained. A tiny pair of hands were suddenly thrust out from under the cover, and the ears seized; at the same moment Master Jacko's face appeared, chattering his teeth as though he had an attack of ague, and as quick as thought their sharp points met in the unfortunate Jenny's aural appendages. Jenny instantly retreated with force enough almost to break her halter, and Jacko covered himself up again in the hay, keeping a small opening patent, through which he could observe the movements of the enemy. The little rascal, from the hole in the loft, had seen the hay spread out by the man, and thinking it would make a capital warm bed for himself, had quietly taken possession, quite regardless of the inward cravings of poor Jenny, who would, if she dared, have most rudely devoured the signor's bed-clothes.

His propensity for destruction was nearly bringing vengeance down on his master's head, and his own at the same time. On going to Oxford, of course I took Jacko with me. His presence was soon ascertained by the sharp-sighted regulator of fines for dogs, and many a fine I paid for Jacko, who has already been demonstrated to be a dog in the sight of railway as well as college authorities. However, I kept him in my room, teaching him to retire into his bag at the word of com-

mand, when any suspicious footsteps approached. The end of term arrived, and with it the day of examination, commonly called collections to be dreaded by delinquents, as then all the evil deeds during the term of the examinee were summoned up by the tutor, and judgment pronounced by greater authorities. For some days previous to this ordeal, I had feared that I should be called to task for harbouring such an unclassical animal as a monkey, and, therefore redoubled my exertions; principally by taking great pains to make a very carefully written analysis, in a well-ruled note-book, of one of the tutor's lectures; so that, were the monkey mentioned, the note-book might by chance save me from presentation to the good-natured but strict interpreter of the law.

The *viva voce* examination on the appointed day went off well; "Where is your note-book, sir?" was the question. Woe be to the man who has no note-book on such an occasion! Off I went to fetch it. On opening the door of my rooms, oh, horror, the note-book was torn into a thousand pieces!

"Jacko, we are both ruined!" I exclaimed. Jacko did not seem to mind in the least, but continued his work of destruction; not a page was left in the book. The diagrams were torn into shreds, and even the paper from the covers had not resisted his relentless fingers. The perpetrator of all this ruin simply grinned a grin of delight, while watching me pick up the bits, which I did with a trembling hand and misgiving heart. I had not even courage to scold him or pitch him out of the window, so terrific might be the consequences to

his master, resulting from this rascal's deeds. Gathering up the scattered relics of many an hour of weary writing, I made as decent a bundle of them as possible, and pale, partly with anger against Jacko, half with fear of impending circumstances, re-entered the hall, and presented them to the expectant tutor, who wondered what had kept me so long away. Still more did the good man wonder when he saw such a note-book presented to him. In a few words I explained what had happened, and awaited my doom in silence. Most kindly, however, he examined the fragments, more particularly the diagrams, and said, "You have evidently taken much pains with your notes, sir,—you may go." So great was my glee, that I had mercy on Jacko, and did not shake him well, the greatest punishment I could inflict on him, but merely shut him up in his bag, and for three hours hung him up for penance on a hat-peg.

Jacko lived some two years after this, but, alas ! he got an attack of bronchitis, was wrapped in flannel, and placed before the fire. Invalids' diet was administered, but in vain,—he died, and his remains were sent up to London. Not wishing to lose sight of him altogether, and knowing what hideous objects stuffed monkeys generally are, I made his skin into a mat for the table, and the rest of him into a skeleton. The blackbeetles on this occasion had their revenge, for placing them in a box where they could get no other food, they very soon cleaned the bones of their enemy and devourer.—And now—

In a cabinet, high on a shelf

He lies as a monument raised to himself

—*Buckland.*



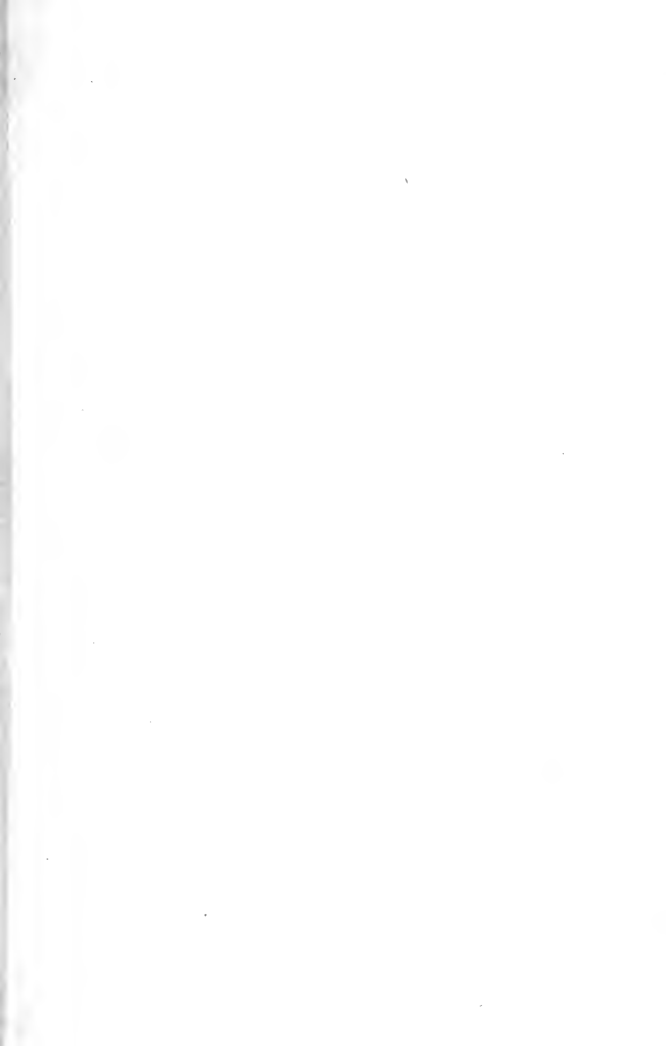
## The Watchful Friend.

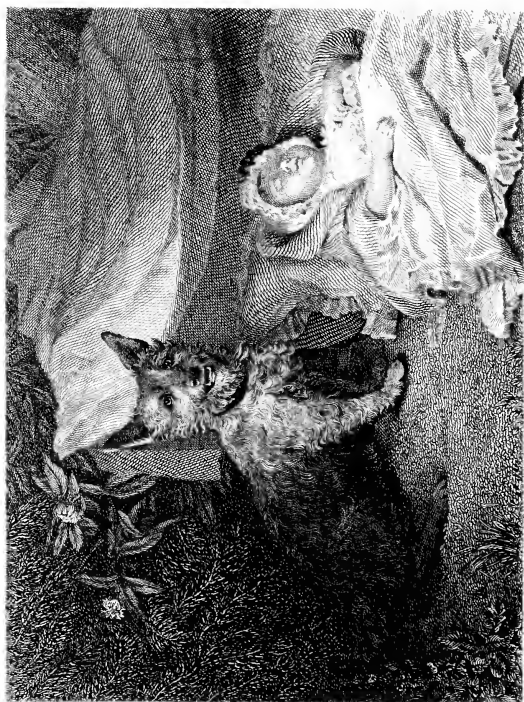
IN a hidden thicket's shade  
Is the little maiden laid ;  
O'er her bends the wilding rose,  
At her side the violet grows :  
And, instead of feudal splendour,  
Summer's fragrant airs attend her.  
More than castle watch or ward—  
O'er her sleep the dog keeps guard :  
None unseen can venture here  
With that faithful watcher near.  
Lady, who to woodlands wild  
Dost resign thy darling child ;  
Lady, of an ancient line,  
Sweet and natural faith is thine.  
Thou dost know what influence lies  
In the summer sun and skies ;  
Thou dost know what healthy red  
By the open air is shed :  
And what pleasant sleep is given  
By the blue uncurtained heaven ;  
Nor to that fond mother known  
Outward influence alone.

She hath deeper thoughts that tell  
Of dear Nature's inward spell ;

She doth bid the wind impart  
Its own freshness to the heart.  
Every flower around is rife  
With fine poetry for life :  
Not a perfumed wreath but brings  
Some true feelings on its wings.  
On that rosy child await  
Rank and sway, and wealth and state ;  
Sad, too often, is their dower,  
Much they need a softening power.

Let with worldlier airs be blent  
Some diviner element ;  
Let love, poetry, and thought,  
Be to that fair infant brought ;  
Let the face of nature be  
Dearest to its infancy ;  
And all after life will keep  
Treasures from that woodland sleep.





## Frank and his Dog Cast-Off.

"SEE, mamma!" said little Mary Pemberton, as she was looking out of the window, "what a nasty, frightful, little dog that man is carrying! Do you not wonder that he can bear to touch it?"

"No, my dear," replied Lady Pemberton, "not if he can do it good: the poor thing has a diseased skin, and I dare say he is going to see if it cannot be cured."

"Well, I think he had better kill it, it is so ugly and ill-looking, and get another."

"But what if that poor dog when he was well tried to amuse its owner with its pretty tricks, and was a fond and faithful dog, Mary, would it not be very ungrateful in him to kill it when it was grown ugly and helpless?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure it would; but if it were mine I would get some one to take it of me, and buy a pretty one."

"But if you, Mary, who ought to love the poor thing, were not willing to take the trouble of nursing it, how could you expect another person to undertake it? Shall I tell you a story, Mary, of which this conversation reminds me?"

"Oh, yes, dear mamma; I love stories, and particularly those which begin with 'Once on a time.'"

"Well then, my dear,—

"*Once on a time* there dwelt in a small cottage, near a great mansion, a poor woman and her son, who had, indeed, bread to eat, but it was by their own hard labour; however, they had pious and thankful hearts."

"Oh, then, I suppose the poor boy and his mother were good Christians, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear. Well, one day as this poor Christian boy was passing the great mansion, he saw one of the gates open, and a livery-servant carrying a meagre, diseased, miserable looking pug-dog in his arms, very like the one we saw just now."

"Oh, I suppose he was going to take it to be cured, mamma."

"No, indeed; it had been an overfed favourite of the lady of the house, and had thence become so diseased and frightful, that she could no longer bear the sight of it. She therefore desired the servant to take it away and do what he pleased with it; and as petted animals are almost always a trouble to servants, the man was very glad to get rid of this. Frank (for that was the boy's name) could not help following the servant, because he knew the dog, spite of its altered appearance, to be the same black-nosed pug which he had seen the lady caressing and carrying on her arm as she passed him one day in the carriage; and when he saw the servant preparing to hang the poor creature, he said within himself, 'Is this the way fine folks treat their favourites when they please them no longer?' But Frank could not bear to let the executioner proceed without trying to stop him, and he cried out, 'Hold! hold! let me speak to you, sir!'—'What do you want?' cried he,

still preparing the noose ; ‘O sir, I want you not to kill that poor dog, but give him to me.’—‘What would you do, my lad, with such a filthy dog? He is better out of the way, as my lady says; so here goes!’ But Frank held his hand, moved to still stronger pity by the poor thing’s cries; and at last, throwing the animal to him with unfeeling violence, the servant exclaimed, ‘There then, take the brute if you will, only don’t let us be plagued with it again, and I wish you joy of your bargain.’

“‘Ugly and filthy enough,’ said Frank, when the man had closed the gate; ‘but still I do not repent it. They might have tried to cure the poor thing, however; and that is what I will do, with mother’s leave; so come along, poor ill-used creature.’

“‘Why, Frank! what, dost thee bring that nasty dog here for?’ cried his mother as soon as she saw it. ‘He shall not come in, I assure thee.’ But Frank told the tale of the poor animal’s altered fortunes and little wrongs so touchingly, that his mother allowed him to stay.”

“And I think it was very good in her, mamma, don’t you?”

“Yes, my dear; but you know she was a Christian; therefore, even to a dog, she did as she would be done by; for if she had been sent to an hospital to be cured for any disease of her own, she would not have liked to have been refused admittance.”

“True,” said Mary, “I never thought of that; but then if she and Frank were right, how very wrong the lady and the servant were.”

“And *yet* my Mary wondered that the man we saw just now did not kill the—”

“Hush, hush, dear mamma,” cried Mary, blushing, and putting her hands before Lady Pemberton’s mouth—“I am so ashamed ! but pray go on !”

“Well then—Frank and his mother were so kind to the poor little dog; they washed him and got ointment for his sores, and gave him wholesome food, but sparingly, as you may suppose, because they could not afford him much; and it was far better for the dog, for low living counteracted the effects of high living; and it was not long before *Cast-off*, as Frank called him, was able to jump, and caper, and beg as usual, and to bark so loud from joy at his restored powers, that Frank’s mother used to wish sometimes that he would not give such noisy proofs of his recovery. But he was a great favourite notwithstanding, and a welcome addition to the family, though no profit; but the contrary, for he got many a mouthful designed for themselves; but how could they refuse him, when he sat up and begged so prettily !

“Well, time went on—the mansion was sold to another owner—and the lady and servant went away, happily for Frank, as he thought, for he feared they would want the dog back if they saw how pretty he was grown again; and he and his mother continued to labour constantly but cheerfully, and with little advantage, but much contentment.

“It now, however, pleased that merciful Creator, whose eye is over all his works, to improve their condition, and a distant relation left them a legacy of



several pounds. To them it was riches; but not enough to make them idle, only they did not work quite so hard as they did before; but roses have thorns, and blessings their attendant evils. There were some smugglers and other bad persons in the village; and as it was soon known that Frank, who was a full grown lad, had had money left him, which he had just received, and could not yet have carried to a place of safety, a man, well known as a bad character, resolved to rob him; and he came to the cottage when, as he truly supposed, Frank and his mother were in their first sleep. But Frank's heavenly guardian gave him an earthly one also in the poor dog, whose life his kind compassion had saved; and as soon as the ruffian tried to enter the slightly fastened door, Cast-off set up such a loud and continued barking, that it awakened Frank, who instantly ran down stairs. On seeing him, and hearing the incessant barking of the dog, the man made a swift retreat though he was armed; and he afterwards confessed, when taken up for another crime, that he meant to have murdered the poor cottagers in their sleep, and would certainly have done so but for the barking of Cast-off. Thus you see, my dear, that the dog was made to repay the kindness of Frank, in preserving his life, by being the means, humanly speaking, of saving his own life and his mother's; and the worthy cottagers blessed the day when, at some trouble and expense, and listening not to the voice of selfishness, but of benevolent pity, they took pains to restore the health of 'an ugly ill-looking dog'—a dog which *a little girl of my acquaintance* would, perhaps, have advised them

to kill; and by this kind action they enabled the poor Cast-off to save them from the weapon of the murderer."

"Thanks! thanks, dear mamma," cried the little girl; "but pray forget what I said. I see now how wrong I was; and I wish the man who was carrying the dog could hear your story, lest he should wish to kill it; for if he heard about Frank and Cast-off, he might be glad to save the dog's life, in hopes that one day he might save his own in return."

"How! Mary! is that the moral you draw from my story? There is no merit in doing any action if it be done for the sake of reward; we should perform a good deed because it is good, and is enjoined on us as a *duty*. We are not to be cruel to animals, because cruelty is a positive sin; and kindness to them, but more especially to those which depend on us, is a positive duty; and this is the moral which I derive from my little tale. That we are to do a kindness and a service both to man and beast whenever it is in our power, without any view to consequences, and merely for the sake of doing it; but still a sure reward no doubt awaits us even here in the pleasing consciousness of having *performed a duty, and done a service*."

## Flora's Adventures.

FLORA was bought at a fair in Stirling, and brought home; it was a very young, strong animal, and appeared quite docile, till they attempted the following day to put her in the plough. What offence this gave her, it is hard to say; but no sooner was she yoked by the side of old Dobs, a venerable gentleman of her own species, whose freaks and frolics were long past, than she began to kick, and rear, and plunge; and at last set off, dragging plough, ploughman, Dobs, and all at her heels; fortunately, the harness broke before she had done much mischief. On finding herself at liberty, she cut several furious capers, then rolled herself on the ground, screaming like a passionate child, and starting up, set off at the utmost of her speed towards the lake, which is at that place three miles broad, and studded with lovely little wooded islands; she took to the water at once, and swam most gallantly. Miss Colhoun, who had been sent for, returned to the house for a spy-glass, and watched her progress; she supposed she would land on the first island she came near, and that she meant to set up there as a sort of equine Robinson Crusoe; but no! she swam steadily on; rather avoiding the islands, and made straight for Ben Lomond, where that magnificent mountain laves its foot in the silver waters of the lake, which, as if it

loved its old face, pictures it back, with all its woods and wilds, on its own glassy bosom. No sooner did she reach the shore, than, after one hearty shake of her wet side, this freebooter of a horse set off at full speed up the face of Ben Lomond, in a direction which no human being could have trod, from its steepness and ruggedness ; but on she went, springing like a gazelle from one height or precipice to another. As she gazed through her glass, she sometimes lost sight of her for so long a time, that she feared she had been dashed to pieces in some of these fearful leaps ; but she always re-appeared again, and at last gained the summit, and disappeared down the opposite side of the mountain.

As soon as she disappeared over the summit, Miss Colhoun desired the ploughman to get ready, and start for the other side of the hill, and endeavour to gain some information of the runaway. He did so ; but as no mortal could traverse the road the fugitive had chosen, the ploughman, after crossing Loch Lomond, had to make a circuit of about nine miles ere he reached the part of the hill where he thought it likely the animal had passed down. In vain, however, he inquired of every one he met, and at every house he came to. No one had seen the horse. Night came on ; and he had to seek shelter for himself, much dispirited at hearing no news of his luckless purchase. On that side, Ben Lomond, instead of rising into abrupt and frightful precipices, slopes more gradually and softly into a beautiful rich landscape : at its very foot lies the lovely little lake of Monteith, with its one tiny island, planted on its bosom, like an

emerald set in diamonds. To this scene of sylvan beauty the ploughman took his way the following morning, I dare believe, thinking far more about the equestrian deserter, than of all the glories of earth and sky by which he was surrounded ! As he drew near the lake of Monteith, he was attracted by the exulting, mirthful shouts of some children in the barn-yard of a very humble cottage he was passing. He leant over the wall, and to his amazement beheld the object of his search ! the very horse, surrounded by a group of half-clad little highlanders, of all ages, from three years to fourteen ; each of whom seemed to be trying who should lavish most marks of childish love on the animal ; who, gentle as a lamb, licked them, and fondled them with his head, like an affectionate dog. After gazing at this scene for some minutes in not uninterested silence, the ploughman turned into the cottage, and found there a respectable heart-broken-looking woman, and an elderly man, whom he at once recognised as the highlander from whom he had bought the horse in Stirling market. The highlander at once knew the ploughman ; and though, I daresay, little used to shed tears, could not hinder many a one from rolling over his hard and weather-beaten cheeks, when told how the poor animal had made his escape. Still faster did the tears roll over both his and his poor wife's cheeks, when he came to tell how that this horse was the foal of a favourite old mare that belonged to his father and himself, nobody knows for how many years ; and how she was injured and died a few days after it was foaled, and his wife and children nursed and fed it

like a baby. It lived *in* the cottage; lay on the hearth or in a corner, like a dog; would roll and play on the floor, or in the field with them, like any kitten; let three or four of them get on its back while it was stooping down, then rise softly, and trot them all about as gently as if it were conscious how precious was the burden which it bore on its young back.

But sorrows will come; the winter before I am telling of, this poor man and his family had been seized with typhus fever, which not only caused them great expense, but kept him so long from work that when rent-time came, he had not one farthing to pay it, and there remained no alternative between selling the young horse, or being turned out of the little farm and humble thatched cottage which he and his forefathers had occupied for three hundred years. With a sore heart he set off for Stirling fair with what seemed to him one of the family to sell;—not daring to tell the children what he was about to do. “She came back last night, sir, about dusk—the children were all gone to bed, and my wife and I were just sitting at the fireside; dull enough, indeed, sir; when something came noozle noozle at the window. I said, ‘Eh, dear Janet, is not that just like the sound poor Flora used to make when she wanted to come in at night?’ ‘Oh,’ she says, ‘Donald, don’t speak of Flora, *she* will never, never come to that window again:’ and she cried bitterly. Well, sir, I rose and opened the door, and there stood Flora, the poor beast! I really believe I kissed her; and I am certain sure she kissed me.” The warm-hearted highlander could say no more; his heart was

too full for words, and his wife wept aloud. The ploughman was scarcely less moved.

"Would you wish," he said, "to keep the poor animal? for I know the goodness of my mistress so well, that I am quite sure she would never, in such circumstances, hold a poor man to his bargain."

There was a struggle in the faces of the poor highlander and his wife; they looked at each other, and spoke a few words in Gaelic which the ploughman did not understand. Then Donald turned, and said to him with perfect firmness and composure,—

"No, sir; it has pleased God to make us too poor honestly to keep the mare. I have paid away to my landlord the price you gave me for her in Stirling market, she is yours—take her."

The parting between the little wild highland children and their four-footed darling was a sad scene; so sad as to overcome the good-natured ploughman's prudence far enough to make him say, that he was almost sure his dear lady would not keep the mare. She would send it back to the children. Poor Janet and Donald looked on, and heard what he said, and were pleased that a ray of comfort was held out to their weeping children; but said to each other in their own language, "Send back poor Flora! Alas! alas! *we* have no money to pay for her!" The ploughman walked away with Flora, the weeping children following as far as they could, and Donald and Janet, poor and ignorant as they were, knew better where to seek for true comfort, than many of the proud and rich, when they are miserable; they turned into their little wretched cot-

tage, and, kneeling down together, prayed in their own highland tongue, to that God who alike loves and watches over all, the rich or the poor, who love him, and keep his commandments.

Miss Colhoun sent back the mare. She was far from being rich in money, but she was rich in faith and trust upon God's promises. She could but ill spare at the moment the twenty-five pounds she had paid for the mare; but she remembered and laid it to her heart, that He has said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, trusting in *me*, and thou shalt find it after many days." And again, "Who ever trusted in me and was deceived?" When she herself told me the story, she made those two quotations from the Bible, and added, "My dear young friends, I declare to you, I never missed the twenty-five pounds, and at the end of the year found that I was richer than I expected."



## Kees the Pet Baboon.

LE VAILLANT, a traveller in Africa, had a dog-faced baboon which accompanied him on his journey, and he found its instinct of great service to him in various ways. As a sentinel he was better than any of the dogs. So quick was his sense of danger, that he often gave notice of the approach of beasts of prey, when everything else seemed sunk in security. He was also very useful in guarding the people of the expedition from danger, from using unwholesome or poisonous fruits. The animal's name was Kees. Here is the very interesting account which his master gives of him :—

“Whenever we found fruits or roots, with which my Hottentots were unacquainted, we did not touch them till Kees had tasted them. If he threw them away, we concluded that they were either of a disagreeable flavour, or of a pernicious quality, and left them untasted. The ape possesses a peculiar property, wherein he differs greatly from other animals, and resembles man,—namely, that he is by nature equally gluttonous and inquisitive. Without necessity, and without appetite, he tastes everything that falls in his way, or that is given to him. But Kees had a still more valuable quality,—he was an excellent sentinel; for whether by day or by night he immediately sprang up on the

slightest appearance of danger. By his cry, and the symptoms of fear which he exhibited, we were always apprized of the approach of an enemy, even though the dogs perceived nothing of it. The latter at length learned to rely upon him with such confidence, that they slept on in perfect tranquillity. I often took Kees with me when I went a-hunting; and, when he saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way he would climb into the trees, to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered to me honey, deposited in the clefts of rocks, or hollow trees. But if he happened to have met with neither honey nor gum, and his appetite had become sharp by his running about, I always witnessed a very ludicrous scene. In those cases he looked for roots, which he ate with great greediness, especially a particular kind, which, to his cost, I also found to be very well tasted and refreshing, and, therefore, insisted upon sharing with him. But Kees was no fool. As soon as he found such a root, and I was not near enough to seize upon my share of it, he devoured it in the greatest haste, keeping his eyes all the while riveted on me. He accurately measured the distance I had to pass before I could get to him; and I was sure of coming too late. Sometimes, however, when he had made a mistake in his calculation, and I came upon him sooner than he expected, he endeavoured to hide the root, in which case I compelled him, by a box on the ear, to give me up my share. But this treatment caused no malice between us; we remained as good friends as ever. In order to draw these roots

out of the ground, he employed a very ingenious method, which afforded me much amusement. He laid hold of the herbage with his teeth, stemmed his fore foot against the ground, and drew back his head, which gradually pulled out the root. But if this expedient, for which he employed his whole strength, did not succeed, he laid hold of the leaves as before, as close to the ground as possible, and then threw himself heels over head, which gave such a concussion to the root, that it never failed to come out.

“When Kees happened to tire on the road, he mounted upon the back of one of my dogs, who was so obliging as to carry him whole hours. One of them, which was larger and stronger than the rest, hit upon a very ingenious artifice to avoid being pressed into this piece of service. As soon as Kees leaped upon his back he stood still, and let the train pass, without moving from the spot. Kees still persisted in his intention, till we were almost out of his sight, when he found himself at length compelled to dismount, upon which both the baboon and dog exerted all their speed to overtake us. The latter, however, gave him the start, and kept a good look-out after him, that he might not serve him in the same manner again. In fact, Kees enjoyed a certain authority with all my dogs, for which he, perhaps, was indebted to the superiority of his instinct. He could not endure a competitor; if any of the dogs came too near him when he was eating, he gave them a box on the ear, which compelled him immediately to retire to a respectful distance.

“Serpents excepted, there was no animals of whom Kees stood in such great dread as of his own species,—perhaps owing to a consciousness, that he had lost a portion of his natural capacities. Sometimes he heard the cry of the other apes among the mountains, and terrified as he was, he yet answered them. But if they approached nearer, and he saw any of them, he fled, with a hideous cry, crept between our legs, and trembled over his whole body. It was very difficult to compose him, and it required some time before he recovered from his fright.

“Like all other domestic animals, Kees was addicted to stealing. He understood admirably well how to loose the strings of a basket, in order to take victuals out of it, especially milk, of which he was very fond. My people chastised him for these thefts; but they did not make him amend his conduct. I myself sometimes whipped him; but then he ran away, and did not return again to the tent, until it grew dark. Once as I was about to dine, and had put the beans, which I had boiled for myself, upon a plate, I heard the voice of a bird, with which I was not acquainted. I left my dinner standing, seized my gun, and ran out of my tent. After the space of about a quarter of an hour, I returned with the bird in my hand; but, to my astonishment, found not a single bean upon the plate. Kees had stolen them all, and taken himself out of the way. When he had committed any trespass of this kind, he used always, about the time I drank tea, to return quietly, and seat himself in his usual place, with every appearance of innocence, as if nothing had happened;

but this evening he did not let himself be seen, and on the following day also he was not seen by any of us; and, in consequence, I began to grow seriously uneasy about him, and apprehensive that he might be lost for ever, but on the third day, one of my people, who had been to fetch water, informed me that he had seen Kees in the neighbourhood; but that as soon as the animal had espied him, he had concealed himself again. I immediately went out and beat the whole neighbourhood with my dogs. All at once, I heard a cry, like that which Kees used to make when I returned from my shooting, and had not taken him with me. I looked about, and at length espied him, endeavouring to hide himself behind the large branches of a tree. I now called him in a friendly tone of voice, and made motions to him to come down to me. But he could not trust me, and I was obliged to climb up the tree to fetch him. He did not attempt to fly, and we returned together to my quarters; here he expected to receive his punishment; but I did nothing, as it would have been of no use.

“When exhausted with the heat of the sun, and the fatigues of the day, with my throat and mouth covered with dust and perspiration, I was ready to sink gasping to the ground, in tracts destitute of shade, and longed even for the dirtiest ditch water; but after seeking long in vain, lost all hopes of finding any in the parched soil. In such distressing moments, my faithful Kees never moved from my side. We sometimes got out of our carriage, and then his sure instinct led him to a plant. Frequently the stalk was fallen off, and all

his endeavours to pull it out were in vain. In such cases he began to scratch in the earth with his paws ; but as that would also have proved ineffectual, I came to his assistance with my dagger, or my knife, and we honestly divided the refreshing root with each other.

“An officer, wishing one day to put the fidelity of my baboon Kees to the test, pretended to strike me. At this Kees flew in a violent rage, and, from that time, he could never endure the sight of the officer. If he only saw him at a distance, he began to cry and make all kind of grimaces, which evidently showed that he wished to revenge the insult that had been done to me ; he ground his teeth, and endeavoured, with all his might, to fly at his face, but that was out of his power, as he was chained down. The offender several times endeavoured, in vain, to conciliate him, by offering him dainties, but he remained long implacable.

“When any eatables had been pilfered at my quarters, the fault was always laid first upon Kees ; and rarely was the accusation unfounded. For a time the eggs which a hen laid me were constantly stolen away, and I wished to ascertain whether I had to attribute this loss also to him. For this purpose, I went one morning to watch him, and waited till the hen announced by her cackling that she had laid an egg. Kees was sitting upon my vehicle ; but the moment he heard the hen’s voice he lept down, and was running to fetch the egg. When he saw me he suddenly stopped, and affected a careless posture, swaying himself backwards and forwards upon his hind legs, and assuming a very innocent look ; in short, he employed all his art to

deceive me with respect to his design. His hypocritical manœuvres only confirmed my suspicions, and in order in my turn to deceive him, I pretended not to attend to him, and turned my back to the bush where the hen was cackling, upon which he immediately sprang to the place. I ran after him, and came up to him at the moment when he had broken the egg, and he was swallowing it. Having caught the thief in the fact, I gave him a good beating upon the spot; but this severe chastisement did not prevent his soon stealing fresh-laid eggs again. As I was convinced that I should never be able to break Kees off his natural vices, and that, unless I chained him up every morning, I should never get an egg, I endeavoured to accomplish my purpose in another manner; I trained one of my dogs, as soon as the hen cackled, to run to the nest, and bring me the egg without breaking it. In a few days the dog had learned his lesson; but Kees, as soon as he heard the hen cackle, ran with him to the nest. A contest now took place between them, who should have the egg; often the dog was foiled, although he was the stronger of the two. If he gained the victory, he ran joyfully to me with the egg, and put it into my hand. Kees, nevertheless, followed him, and did not cease to grumble and make threatening grimaces at him, till he saw me take the egg,—as if he was comforted for the loss of his booty by his adversary not retaining it for himself. If Kees had got hold of the egg, he endeavoured to run with it to a tree, where, having devoured it, he threw down the shells upon his adversary, as if to make game of him. In that case, the dog

returned, looking ashamed, from which I could conjecture the unlucky adventure he had met with.

Kees was always the first awake in the morning, and, when it was the proper time, he awoke the dogs, who were accustomed to his voice, and, in general, obeyed without hesitation the slightest motions by which he communicated his orders to them, immediately taking their posts about the tent and carriage, as he directed them.



## The Dishonest Cat.

A COUNTRY gentleman has, at this moment in his household, a favourite cat, whose honesty, he is sorry to say, there is but too much reason to call in question. The animal, however, is far from being selfish in her principles; for her acceptable gleanings she regularly shares among the children of the family in which her lot is cast. It is the habit of Grimalkin to leave the kitchen or parlour, as often as hunger and an opportunity may occur, and wend her way to a certain pastry-cook's shop, where, the better to conceal her purpose, she endeavours slyly to ingratiate herself into favour with the mistress of the house. As soon as the shopkeeper's attention becomes engrossed in business, or otherwise, puss contrives to pilfer a small pie or tart from the shelves on which they are placed, speedily afterwards making the best of her way home with her booty. She then carefully delivers her prize to some of the little ones in the nursery. A division of the stolen property quickly takes place; and here it is singularly amusing to observe the cunning animal, not the least conspicuous among the numerous group, thankfully mumping her share of the illegal traffic. We may add that the pastry-cook is by no means disposed to institute a legal process against the delinquent, as the chil-

dren of the gentleman to whom we allude are honest enough to acknowledge their four-footed playmate's failings to papa, who willingly compensates any damage the pastry-cook may sustain from the petty depredations of the would-be philanthropic cat.

## The Pet Lamb.

My pretty one—my pretty one—

I would not part with thee  
For all the beauties of the land,  
Or treasures of the sea :  
Thine eye is brighter than a star  
Thy fleece like driven snow ;  
Thy voice—oh ! sweeter than the sound  
Of rivers as they flow.

My pretty one—my pretty one—

I've sought through field and wood  
For honey-flowers, and tender grass,  
And clover, for thy food :  
I've some, like gold and silver cups,  
All filled with dews for wine ;  
Come, show thou'rt thankful, and this feast,  
My favourite, shall be thine.

No other little boy, I'm sure,

Would love thee half so dear ;  
Would strive to know what best thou likest,  
And seek it far and near :  
Would bring thee water from the fount,  
Clear, beautiful, and deep ;  
Or make at night a bed so soft  
For thee—sweet lamb—to sleep !—

Besides, thou know'st, 'twas I that saved  
Thine innocent young life ;  
The butcher-boy had tied thee down—  
Had raised his cruel knife!—  
I wept!—my dear, my good mamma  
Could not behold me cry ;  
So for her fond, her grateful boy,  
Thee—beauteous lamb—did buy!

Then, come and love me very well,  
And when thy dinner's o'er  
We'll dance and play along the green,  
Or by the bright seashore :  
Now kiss me—kiss me prettily, —  
For very kind I am ;  
And proud of thee, my beautiful,  
My own dear little lamb!

## Jack the Monkey.

"JACK was a native of the Gold Coast, and was of the *Diana* species. He had been purchased by the cook of the vessel in which I sailed from Africa," says Mrs. Bowdich, "and was considered his exclusive property. Jack's place then was close to the caboose; but as his education progressed, he was gradually allowed an increase of liberty, till at last he enjoyed the range of the whole ship, except the cabins.

"I had embarked with more than a mere womanly aversion to monkeys; it was absolute antipathy, and, although I often laughed at Jack's freaks, still I kept out of his way, till a circumstance brought with it a closer acquaintance and cured me of my dislike. Our latitude was three degrees south, and we only proceeded by occasional tornadoes, the intervals of which were filled up by dead calms and bright weather. When these occurred during the day, the helm was frequently lashed, and all the watch went below. On one of these occasions I was sitting alone on the deck, and reading intently, when, in an instant, something jumped upon my shoulders, twisted its tail round my neck, and screamed close to my ears. My immediate conviction that it was Jack scarcely relieved me; but there was no help; I dared not cry for assistance, because I was afraid of him, and dared not obey the next impulse

which was to thump him off, for the same reason. I therefore became civil from necessity, and from that moment Jack and I entered into an alliance. He gradually loosened his hold, looked into my face, examined my hands and rings with the most minute attention, and soon found the biscuit which lay by my side. When I liked him well enough to profit by his friendship, he became a constant source of amusement. Like all other nautical monkeys, he was fond of pulling off the men's caps as they slept, and throwing them into the sea; of knocking over the parrots' cages to drink the water as it trickled along the deck, regardless of the occasional gripe he received; of taking the dried herbs out of the tin mugs in which the men were making tea of them; of dexterously picking out the pieces of biscuit which were toasting between the bars of the grate; of stealing the carpenter's tools; in short, in teasing everything and everybody; but he was also a first-rate *equestrian*. Whenever the pigs were let out to take a run on deck, he took his station behind a cask, whence he leaped on the back of one of his steeds as it passed. Of course the speed was increased, and the nails he stuck in to keep himself on, produced a squeaking; but Jack was never thrown, and became so fond of the exercise, that he was obliged to be shut up whenever the pigs were at liberty. Confinement was the worst punishment he could receive, and whenever threatened with that, or any other, he would cling to me for protection. At night, when about to be sent to bed in an empty hen-coop, he generally hid himself under my shawl, and at last never

suffered any one but myself to put him to rest. He was particularly jealous of the other monkeys on board, who were all smaller than himself, and put two out of his way. The first feat of the kind was performed in my presence; he began by holding out his paw, and making a squeaking noise, which the other evidently considered as an invitation; the poor little thing crouched to him most humbly, but Jack seized him by the neck, hopped off to the side of the vessel, and threw him into the sea. We cast out a rope immediately, but the monkey was too much frightened to cling to it, and we were going too fast to save him by any other means. Of course Jack was flogged, and scolded, at which he was very penitent; but the deceitful rogue, at the end of three days sent another victim to the same destiny. But his spite against his own race was manifested at another time in a very original way. The men had been painting the ship's side with a streak of white, and upon being summoned to dinner, left their brushes and paint on deck. Unknown to Jack, I was seated behind the companion door and saw the whole transaction; he called a little black monkey to him, who, like the others, immediately crouched to his superior, when he seized him by the nape of the neck with one paw, took the brush, dripping with paint, with the other and covered him white from head to foot. Both the man at the helm and myself burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropped his victim and scampered up the rigging. The unhappy little beast began licking himself, but I called the steward, who washed him so well with turpentine, that all his injury was prevented; but during

our bustle, Jack was peeping with his black nose through the bars of the main-top, apparently enjoying the confusion. For three days he persisted in remaining aloft ; no one could catch him, he darted with such rapidity from rope to rope ; at length, impelled by hunger, he dropped unexpectedly from some height on my knees, as if for refuge, and as he had thus confided in me, I could not deliver him up to punishment.

“The only way in which I could control his tricks was by showing him to the panther on board, which excited his fears strongly. I used to hold him up by the tail and the instant he saw the panther he would become perfectly stiff, shut his eyes and pretend to be dead. When I moved away, he would relax his limbs, and open one eye very cautiously, but if he caught a glimpse of the panther’s cage, the eyes were quickly closed, and he resumed the rigidity of death. After four months’ sojourn together, I quitted Jack off the Scilly Islands, and understood that I was very much regretted ; he unceasingly watched for me in the morning, and searched for me in every direction, even venturing into the cabins ; nor was he reconciled to my departure when my servants left the vessel at Gravesend.”



## The Pet Badger.

PROFESSOR BELL, author of the "History of Quadrupeds," kept a badger as a pet. He says, "I had one for a considerable time, which was sent me by my valued friend, James Buckland, Esq., of Shaftesbury, who had obtained it from a cottager in the neighbourhood, whose children Mr. Buckland accidentally saw playing with the badger as familiarly as they would with a puppy. It came into my possession, and soon became a great favourite; showing, too, on its part, great attachment to me and the household. It followed me like a dog, yelping and barking with a peculiar sharp cry, when he found himself shut out of the room in which I happened to be sitting. He was accustomed to come into the dining-room during dinner, of which he was generally permitted to partake; and he always ate his morsels in a very orderly manner. He was, in fact, an affectionate, gentle, good-tempered fellow, and very cleanly withal."

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## Pet Otters.

BISHOP HEBER gives the following account of tame otters in India:—

"We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than

nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes on the bank. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill whistling noise as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested with the sight. It has always been a fancy of mine, that the poor creatures whom we waste and persecute to death, for no cause but the gratification of our cruelty, might by reasonable treatment be made the sources of abundant amusement and advantage to us. The simple Hindu shows here a better taste and judgment than half the otter-hunting gentry of England."

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## The Pet Mouse.

BARON TRENCK, in his memoirs, mentions that whilst shut up in a dungeon by his savage persecutor, "Frederick the Great," he had so tamed a mouse, that it would play around him and eat from his hand.

"In this small animal," he says, "I discovered proofs of intelligence too great ever to gain belief. But this mouse had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted myself with it during the night; it had been nibbling at my door, and capering on the trencher. The sen-

tinels happened to hear our amusements, and called the officers. They heard also, and said that all was not right in my dungeon. At daybreak my door resounded; the town major, a smith, and a mason entered; flooring, walls, chairs, and my own person were all scrutinized—but in vain.

“They asked, what was the noise they heard? I mentioned the mouse, then whistled, and it came and jumped upon my shoulder. Orders were given that I should be deprived of its society. I earnestly entreated that they would at least spare its life. The officer on guard gave me his word that he would present it to a lady, who would treat it with the utmost tenderness. He took it away, and turned it loose in the guardroom; but it was tame to me alone, and sought a hiding-place. It fled to my prison door; at the hour of visitation ran into my dungeon, and immediately testified its joy by antic leaping between my legs.

“It is worth remarking, that it had been taken away wrapped in a handkerchief. How, then, did it find its master? Did it know, or did it wait the hour of visitation? All were desirous of obtaining this mouse; but the major carried it off for his lady. She put it into a cage, where it refused all sustenance, pined away, and in a few days was found dead.”


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## Conclusion.

BEFORE the end of the holidays, the last story of this miscellaneous collection had been read and enjoyed by

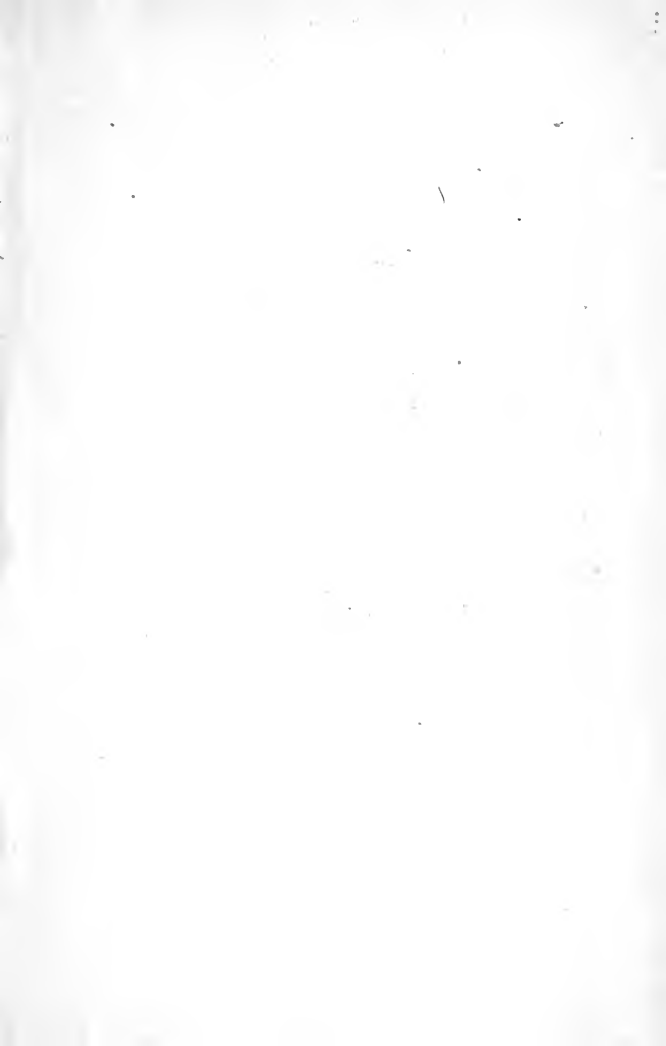
the little party. The idea of collecting "stories about pets" was unanimously approved; and the plan had given so much amusement, that they resolved to resume it at a future time. It was suggested that birds should be the next subject, and all promised that they would try to find, and write out stories about "feathered favourites," to be read when they met again, as they expected to do at their next holidays.

If our young readers approve of the present volume, perhaps we may afterwards present them with the collection of "stories about pets" now to be made, under the title of "Feathered Favourites."













SEP 28 1944

